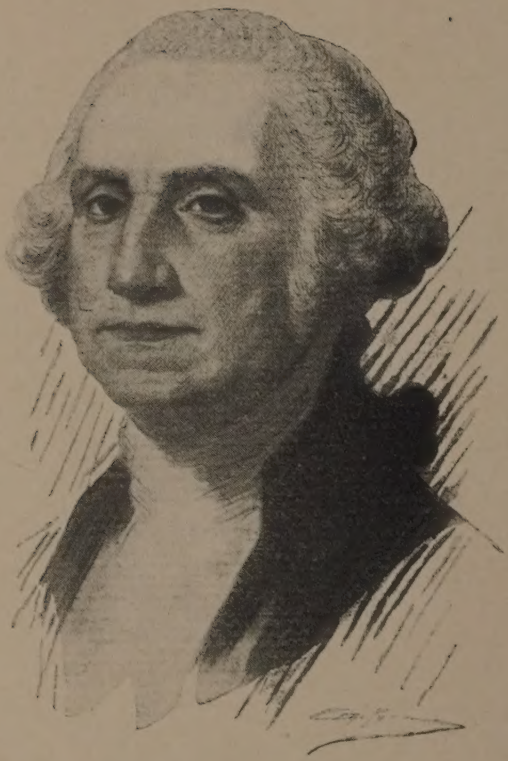

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Little Journeys

To the Homes of the Great

Elbert Hubbard

American Statesmen

The Roycrofters
East Aurora, New York

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THE LITTLE JOURNEYS CAMP

BERT HUBBARD

THE LITTLE JOURNEYS CAMP
("Fibe" in the doorway)

A little more patience, a little more charity for all, a little more devotion, a little more love; with less bowing down to the past, and a silent ignoring of pretended authority; a brave looking forward to the future with more faith in our fellows, and the race will be ripe for a great burst of light and life.

—*Elbert Hubbard*

THE LITTLE JOURNEYS CAMP

T was not built with the idea of ever becoming a place in history: simply a boy's cabin in the woods. . . . . We had no lumber with which to build it.

However, there were three houses going up in town—and surely they could spare a few boards. So after dark we got out old Juliet and the spring-wagon and made several visits to the new houses. The result was that in about a week we had enough lumber to frame the cabin.

Our site was about three miles from town, high up on the Adams Farm. After many evening trips with the old mare and much figuring we had the thing done, all but the windows, door, and shingles on the roof. Well, I knew where there was an old door and two window-sash taken off our chicken-house to let in the air during Summer. And one rainy night three bunches of shingles found their way from Perkins' lumber-yard to the foot of the hill on the Adams Farm.

In another five days the place was finished. It was ten by sixteen, and had four bunks, two windows, a paneled front door, a back entrance and a porch—altogether a rather pretentious camp for a gang of young ruffians ✠ But it was a labor of love, and we certainly had worked

mighty hard. Our love was given particularly to the three house-builders and to Perkins, down in town ☙ Of course we had to have a stove.

This we got from Bowen's hardware-store for two dollars and forty cents. He wanted four dollars, and we argued for some time. The stove was a secondhand one and good only for scrap-iron anyway. Scrap was worth fifty cents a hundred, and this stove weighed only two hundred fifty, so we convinced the man our offer was big. At that we made him throw in a frying-pan.

For dishes and cutlery, I believe each of our mothers' pantries contributed. Then a stock of grub was confiscated. The storeroom in the Phalansterie furnished Heinz beans, chutney, and a few others of the fifty-seven. John had run an ad in " The Philistine " for Heinz and taken good stuff in exchange.

For four years after that, this old camp was kept stocked with eats all the time. We would hike out Friday after school and stay till Sunday night. At Christmas-time we would spend the week's vacation there.

Many times had I tried to get my Father to go out and stay overnight. But he would n't go. One time, though, I did not come home when I had promised, so Father rode out on Garnett to find me. Instead of my coming back with him he just unsaddled and turned Garnett loose in the woods and stayed overnight.

We gave him the big bunk with two red quilts, and he stuck it out. Next morning we had fried apples, ham

and coffee for breakfast. ¶ What there was about it I did not understand, but John was a very frequent visitor after that.

You know we called Father, John, because he said that was n't his name.

He used to come up in the evening and would bring the Red One or Sammy the Artist or Saint Jerome the Sculptor. Once he brought Michael Monahan and John Sayles the Universalist preacher.

Mike did n't like it.

The field-mice running on the rafters overhead at night chilled his blood. He called them terrible beasts.

From then on we youngsters were gradually deprived of our freedom at camp. These visitors were too numerous for us and we had to seek other fields of adventure.

John got to going out to the camp to get away from visitors at the Shop. He found the place quiet and comforting. The woods gave him freedom to think and write. It so developed that he would spend about four days a month there, writing the "Little Journey" for the next month. How many of his masterpeices were written at the Camp I can not say, but for several years it was his Retreat and he used it constantly.

He reminded us boys several times when we kicked, that he had a good claim on it—for did n't he furnish the door and the window-frames.

I never suspected he would recognize them.

Little Journeys
To the Homes of American Statesmen

GEORGE WASHINGTON

He left as fair a reputation as ever belonged to a human character. . . . Midst all the sorrowings that are mingled on this melancholy occasion I venture to assert that none could have felt his death with more regret than I, because no one had higher opinions of his worth. . . . There is this consolation, though, to be drawn, that while living no man could be more esteemed, and since dead none is more lamented.

—*Washington, on the Death of Tilghman*

GEORGE WASHINGTON

EAN STANLEY has said that all the gods of ancient mythology were once men, and he traces for us the evolution of a man into a hero, the hero into a demigod, and the demigod into a divinity. By a slow process, the natural man is divested of all our common faults and frailties; he is clothed with superhuman attributes and declared a being separate and apart, and is lost to us in the clouds.

When Greenough carved that statue of Washington that sits facing the Capitol, he unwittingly showed how a man may be transformed into a Jove.

But the world has reached a point when to be human is no longer a cause for apology; we recognize that the human, in degree, comprehends the divine.

Jove inspires fear, but to Washington we pay the tribute of affection. Beings hopelessly separated from us are not ours: a god we can not love, a man we may. We know Washington as well as it is possible to know any man. We know him better, far better, than the people who lived in the very household with him. We have his diary showing " how and where I spent my time "; we have his journal, his account-books (and no man was ever a more painstaking accountant); we have hundreds

of his letters, and his own copies and first drafts of hundreds of others, the originals of which have been lost or destroyed. ¶ From these, with contemporary history, we are able to make up a close estimate of the man; and we find him human—splendidly human. By his books of accounts we find that he was often imposed upon, that he loaned thousands of dollars to people who had no expectation of paying; and in his last will, written with his own hand, we find him canceling these debts, and making bequests to scores of relatives; giving freedom to his slaves, and acknowledging his obligation to servants and various other obscure persons. He was a man in very sooth. He was a man in that he had in him the appetites, the ambitions, the desires of a man. Stewart, the artist, has said, " All of his features were indications of the strongest and most ungovernable passions, and had he been born in the forest, he would have been the fiercest man among savage tribes."

But over the sleeping volcano of his temper he kept watch and ward, until his habit became one of gentleness, generosity, and shining, simple truth; and, behind all, we behold his unswerving purpose and steadfast strength

And so the object of this sketch will be, not to show the superhuman Washington, the Washington set apart, but to give a glimpse of the man Washington who aspired, feared, hoped, loved and bravely died.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

HE first biographer of George Washington was the Reverend Mason L. Weems. If you have a copy of Weems' " Life of Washington," you had better wrap it in chamois and place it away for your heirs, for some time it will command a price. Fifty editions of Weems' book were printed, and in its day no other volume approached it in point of popularity. In American literature, Weems stood first. To Weems are we indebted for the hatchet tale, the story of the colt that was broken and killed in the process, and all those other fine romances of Washington's youth. Weems' literary style reveals the very acme of that vicious quality of untruth to be found in the old-time Sunday-school books. Weems mustered all the " Little Willie " stories he could find, and attached to them Washington's name, claiming to write for " the Betterment of the Young," as if in dealing with the young we should carefully conceal the truth. Possibly Washington could not tell a lie, but Weems was not thus handicapped.

Under a mass of silly moralizing, he nearly buried the real Washington, giving us instead a priggish, punk youth, and a Madame Tussaud, full-dress general, with a wax-works manner and a wooden dignity.

Happily, we have now come to a time when such authors as Mason L. Weems and John S. C. Abbott are no longer accepted as final authorities. We do not discard them, but, like Samuel Pepys, they are retained

that they may contribute to the gaiety of nations ❧ Various violent efforts have been made in days agone to show that Washington was of " a noble line"—as if the natural nobility of the man needed a reason—forgetful that we are all sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be. But Burke's " Peerage " lends no light, and the careful, unprejudiced, patient search of recent years finds only the blood of the common people ❧ ❧

Washington himself said that in his opinion the history of his ancestors " was of small moment and a subject to which, I confess, I have paid little attention."

He had a bookplate and he had also a coat of arms on his carriage-door. The Reverend Mr. Weems has described Washington's bookplate thus: " Argent, two bar gules in chief, three mullets of the second. Crest, a raven with wings, indorsed proper, issuing out of a ducal coronet, or."

MARY BALL was the second wife of Augustine Washington. In his will the good man describes this marriage, evidently with a wink, as " my second Venture." And it is sad to remember that he did not live to know that his " Venture " made America his debtor. The success of the union seems pretty good argument in favor of widowers marrying. There were four children in the family, the oldest nearly full grown, when Mary Ball came to take charge of the household. She was twenty-seven, her husband ten years older. They were married March Sixth, Seventeen Hundred Thirty-one, and on February Twenty-second of the following year was born a man child and they named him George.

The Washingtons were plain, hard-working people—land-poor. They lived in a small house that had three rooms downstairs and an attic, where the children slept, and bumped their heads against the rafters if they sat up quickly in bed.

Washington got his sterling qualities from the Ball family, and not from the tribe of Washington. George was endowed by his mother with her own splendid health and with all the sturdy Spartan virtues of her mind. In features and in mental characteristics, he resembled her very closely. There were six children born to her in all, but the five have been nearly lost sight of in the splendid success of the firstborn.

I have used the word " Spartan " advisedly. Upon her

children, the mother of Washington lavished no soft sentimentality. A woman who cooked, weaved, spun, washed, made the clothes, and looked after a big family in pioneer times had her work cut out for her. The children of Mary Washington obeyed her, and when told to do a thing never stopped to ask why—and the same fact may be said of the father.

The girls wore linsey-woolsey dresses, and the boys tow suits that consisted of two pieces, which in Winter were further added to by hat and boots. If the weather was very cold, the suits were simply duplicated—a boy wearing two or three pairs of trousers instead of one.

The mother was the first one up in the morning, the last one to go to rest at night. If a youngster kicked off the covers in his sleep and had a coughing spell, she arose and looked after him. Were any sick, she not only ministered to them, but often watched away the long, dragging hours of the night.

And I have noticed that these sturdy mothers in Israel, who so willingly give their lives that others may live, often find vent for overwrought feelings by scolding; and I, for one, cheerfully grant them the privilege. Washington's mother scolded and grumbled to the day of her death. She also sought solace by smoking a pipe. And this reminds me that a noted specialist in neurotics has recently said that if women would use the weed moderately, tired nerves would find repose and nervous prostration would be a luxury unknown. Not being

much of a smoker myself, and knowing nothing about the subject, I give the item for what it is worth.

All the sterling, classic virtues of industry, frugality and truth-telling were inculcated by this excellent mother, and her strong commonsense made its indelible impress upon the mind of her son.

Mary Washington always regarded George's judgment with a little suspicion; she never came to think of him as a full-grown man; to her he was only a big boy. Hence, she would chide him and criticize his actions in a way that often made him very uncomfortable. During the Revolutionary War she followed his record closely; when he succeeded she only smiled, said something that sounded like " I told you so," and calmly filled her pipe; when he was repulsed she was never cast down. She foresaw that he would be made President, and thought " he would do as well as anybody."

¶ Once, she complained to him of her house in Fredericksburg; he wrote in answer, gently but plainly, that her habits of life were not such as would be acceptable at Mount Vernon. And to this she replied that she had never expected or intended to go to Mount Vernon, and moreover would not, no matter how much urged—a declination without an invitation that must have caused the son a grim smile. In her nature was a goodly trace of savage stoicism that took a satisfaction in concealing the joy she felt in her son's achievement; for that her life was all bound up in his we have good evidence.

Washington looked after her wants and supplied her with everything she needed, and, as these things often came through third parties, it is pretty certain she did not know the source; at any rate she accepted everything quite as her due, and shows a half-comic ingratitude that is very fine.

When Washington started for New York to be inaugurated President, he stopped to see her. She donned a new white cap and a clean apron in honor of the visit, remarking to a neighbor woman who dropped in that she supposed "these great folks expected something a little extra." It was the last meeting of mother and son. She was eighty-three at that time and "her boy" fifty-five. She died not long after.

Samuel Washington, the brother two years younger than George, has been described as "small, sandy-whiskered, shrewd and glib." Samuel was married five times. Some of the wives he deserted and others deserted him, and two of them died, thus leaving him twice a sad, lorn widower, from which condition he quickly extricated himself. He was always in financial straits and often appealed to his brother George for loans. In Seventeen Hundred Eighty-one we find George Washington writing to his brother John, "In God's name! how has Samuel managed to get himself so enormously in debt?" The remark sounds a little like that of Samuel Johnson, who on hearing that Goldsmith was owing four hundred pounds exclaimed, "Was ever poet

so trusted before?" ¶ Washington's ledger shows that he advanced his brother Samuel two thousand dollars, " to be paid back without interest." But Samuel's ship never came in, and in Washington's will we find the debt graciously and gracefully discharged.

Thornton Washington, a son of Samuel, was given a place in the English army at George Washington's request; and two other sons of Samuel were sent to school at his expense. One of the boys once ran away and was followed by his uncle George, who carried a goodly birch with intent to "give him what he deserved"; but after catching the lad the uncle's heart melted, and he took the runaway back into favor. An entry in Washington's journal shows that the children of his brother Samuel cost him fully five thousand dollars. ¶ Harriot, one of the daughters of Samuel, lived in the household at Mount Vernon and evidently was a great cross, for we find Washington pleading as an excuse for her frivolity that " she was not brung up right, she has no disposition, and takes no care of her clothes, which are dabbed about in every corner, and the best are always in use. She costs me enough!"

And this was about as near a complaint as the Father of his Country, and the father of all his poor relations, ever made. In his ledger we find this item: " By Miss Harriot Washington, gave her to buy wedding-clothes, $100.00." It supplied the great man joy to write that line, for it was the last of Harriot. He furnished a fine

wedding for her, and all the servants had a holiday, and Harriot and her unknown lover were happy ever afterwards—so far as we know.

From Seventeen Hundred Fifty to Seventeen Hundred Fifty-nine, Washington was a soldier on the frontier, leaving Mount Vernon and all his business in charge of his brother John. Between these two there was a genuine bond of affection. To George this brother was always, " Dear Jack," and when John married, George sends " respectful greetings to your Lady," and afterwards " love to the little ones from their Uncle." And in one of the dark hours of the Revolution, George writes from New Jersey to this brother: " God grant you health and happiness. Nothing in this world would add so to mine as to be near you." John died in Seventeen Hundred Eighty-seven, and the President of the United States writes in simple, undisguised grief of " the death of my beloved brother."

John's eldest son, Bushrod, was Washington's favorite nephew. He took a lively interest in the boy's career, and taking him to Philadelphia placed him in the law-office of Judge James Wilson. He supplied Bushrod with funds, and wrote him many affectionate letters of advice, and several times made him a companion on journeys. The boy proved worthy of it all, and developed into a strong and manly man—quite the best of all Washington's kinsfolk. In later years, we find Washington asking his advice in legal matters and excusing

himself for being such a " troublesome, non-paying client." In his will the " Honorable Bushrod Washington " is named as one of the executors, and to him Washington left his library and all his private papers, besides a share in the estate. Such confidence was a fitting good-by from the great and loving heart of a father to a son full worthy of the highest trust.

Of Washington's relations with his brother Charles, we know but little. Charles was a plain, simple man who worked hard and raised a big family. In his will Washington remembers them all, and one of the sons of Charles we know was appointed to a position upon Lafayette's staff on Washington's request.

The only one of Washington's family that resembled him closely was his sister Betty. The contour of her face was almost identical with his, and she was so proud of it that she often wore her hair in a queue and donned his hat and sword for the amusement of visitors. Betty married Fielding Lewis, and two of her sons acted as private secretaries to Washington while he was President. One of these sons—Lawrence Lewis—married Nellie Custis, the adopted daughter of Washington and granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, and the couple, by Washington's will, became part-owners of Mount Vernon. The man who can figure out the exact relationship of Nellie Custis' children to Washington deserves a medal

We do not know much of Washington's father: if he

exerted any special influence on his children we do not know it. He died when George was eleven years old, and the boy then went to live at the " Hunting Creek Place " with his half-brother Lawrence, that he might attend school. Lawrence had served in the English navy under Admiral Vernon, and, in honor of his chief, changed the name of his home and called it Mount Vernon. Mount Vernon then consisted of twenty-five hundred acres, mostly a tangle of forest, with a small house and log stables. The tract had descended to Lawrence from his father, with provision that it should fall to George if Lawrence died without issue. Lawrence married, and when he died, aged thirty-two, he left a daughter, Mildred, who died two years later. Mount Vernon then passed to George Washington, aged twenty-one, but not without a protest from the widow of Lawrence, who evidently was paid not to take the matter into the courts. Washington owned Mount Vernon for forty-six years, just one-half of which time was given to the service of his country. It was the only place he ever called " home," and there he sleeps.

WHEN Washington was fourteen, his school-days were over. Of his youth we know but little. He was not precocious, although physically he developed early; but there was no reason why the neighbors should keep tab on him and record anecdotes. They had boys of their own just as promising. He was tall and slender, long-armed, with large, bony hands and feet, very strong, a daring horseman, a good wrestler, and, living on the banks of a river, he became, as all healthy boys must, a good swimmer

His mission among the Indians in his twenty-first year was largely successful through the personal admiration he excited among the savages. In poise, he was equal to their best, and ever being a bit proud, even if not vain, he dressed for the occasion in full Indian regalia, minus only the war-paint. The Indians at once recognized his nobility, and named him "Conotancarius"—Plunderer of Villages—and suggested that he take to wife an Indian maiden, and remain with them as chief.

¶ When he returned home, he wrote to the Indian agent, announcing his safe arrival and sending greetings to the Indians. "Tell them," he says, "how happy it would make Conotancarius to see them, and take them by the hand."

His wish was gratified, for the Indians took him at his word, and fifty of them came to him, saying, "Since you could not come and live with us, we have come to

live with you." They camped on the green in front of the residence, and proceeded to inspect every room in the house, tested all the whisky they could find, appropriated eatables, and were only induced to depart after all the bedclothes had been dyed red, and a blanket or a quilt presented to each.

Throughout his life Washington had a very tender spot in his heart for women. At sixteen, he writes with all a youth's solemnity of " a hurt of the heart uncurable." And from that time forward there is ever some " Faire Mayde " to be seen in the shadow. In fact, Washington got along with women much better than with men; with men he was often diffident and awkward, illy concealing his uneasiness behind a forced dignity; but he knew that women admired him, and with them he was at ease. When he made that first Western trip, carrying a message to the French, he turns aside to call on the Indian princess, Aliguippa. In his journal, he says, " presented her a Blanket and a Bottle of Rum, which latter was thought the much best Present of the 2."

In his expense-account we find items like these: " Treating the ladys 2 shillings." " Present for Polly 5 shillings." " My share for Music at the Dance 3 shillings." " Lost at Loo 5 shillings." In fact, like most Episcopalians, Washington danced and played cards. His favorite game seems to have been " Loo "; and he generally played for small stakes, and when playing with " the

Ladys" usually lost, whether purposely or because otherwise absorbed, we know not.

In Seventeen Hundred Fifty-six, he made a horseback journey on military business to Boston, stopping a week going and on the way back at New York. He spent the time at the house of a former Virginian, Beverly Robinson, who had married Susannah Philipse, daughter of Frederick Philipse, one of the rich men of Manhattan. In the household was a young woman, Mary Philipse, sister of the hostess. She was older than Washington, educated, and had seen much more of polite life than he. The tall, young Virginian, fresh from the frontier, where he had had horses shot under him, excited the interest of Mary Philipse, and Washington, innocent but ardent, mistook this natural curiosity for a softer sentiment and proposed on the spot. As soon as the lady got her breath he was let down very gently.

Two years afterwards Mary Philipse married Colonel Roger Morris, in the king's service, and cards were duly sent to Mount Vernon. But the whirligig of time equalizes all things, and, in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, General Washington, Commander of the Continental Army, occupied the mansion of Colonel Morris, the Colonel and his lady being fugitive Tories. In his diary, Washington records this significant item: "Dined at the house lately Colonel Roger Morris confiscated and the occupation of a common Farmer."

Washington always attributed his defeat at the hands of Mary Philipse to being too precipitate and "not waiting until ye ladye was in ye mood." But two years later we find him being even more hasty and this time with success, which proves that all signs fail in dry weather, and some things are possible as well as others. He was on his way to Williamsburg to consult physicians and stopped at the residence of Mrs. Daniel Parke Custis to make a short call—was pressed to remain to tea, did so, proposed marriage, and was graciously accepted. We have a beautiful steel engraving that immortalizes this visit, showing Washington's horse impatiently waiting at the door.

Mrs. Custis was a widow with two children. She was twenty-six, and the same age as Washington within three months. Her husband had died seven months before. In Washington's cash-account for May, Seventeen Hundred Fifty-eight, is an item, "one Engagement Ring £2.16.0."

The happy couple were married eight months later, and we find Mrs. Washington explaining to a friend that her reason for the somewhat hasty union was that her estate was getting in a bad way and a man was needed to look after it. Our actions are usually right, but the reasons we give seldom are; but in this case no doubt "a man was needed," for the widow had much property, and we can not but congratulate Martha Custis on her choice of "a man." She owned fifteen

thousand acres of land, many lots in the city of Williamsburg, two hundred negroes, and some money on bond; all the property being worth over one hundred thousand dollars—a very large amount for those days. Directly after the wedding, the couple moved to Mount Vernon, taking a good many of the slaves with them. Shortly after, arrangements were under way to rebuild the house, and the plans that finally developed into the present mansion were begun.

Washington's letters and diary contain very few references to his wife, and none of the many visitors to Mount Vernon took pains to testify either to her wit or to her intellect. We know that the housekeeping at Mount Vernon proved too much for her ability, and that a woman was hired to oversee the household. And in this reference a complaint is found from the General that "housekeeper has done gone and left things in confusion." He had his troubles.

Martha's education was not equal to writing a presentable letter, for we find that her husband wrote the first draft of all important missives that it was necessary for her to send, and she copied them even to his mistakes in spelling. Very patient was he about this, and even when he was President and harried constantly we find him stopping to acknowledge for her "an invitation to take some Tea," and at the bottom of the sheet adding a pious bit of finesse, thus: "The President requests me to send his compliments and only regrets

that the pressure of affairs compels him to forego the Pleasure of seeing you."

After Washington's death, his wife destroyed the letters he had written her—many hundred in number—an offense the world is not yet quite willing to forget, even though it has forgiven.

ALTHOUGH we have been told that when Washington was six years old he could not tell a lie, yet he afterwards partially overcame the disability. On one occasion he writes to a friend that the mosquitoes of New Jersey "can bite through the thickest boot," and though a contemporary clergyman, greatly flurried, explains that he meant "stocking," we insist that the statement shall stand as the Father of his Country expressed it. Washington also records without a blush, "I announced that I would leave at 8 and then immediately gave private Orders to go at 5, so to avoid the Throng." Another time when he discharged an overseer for incompetency he lessened the pain of parting by writing for the fellow "a Character."

When he went to Boston and was named as Commander of the Army, his chief concern seemed to be how he would make peace with Martha. Ho! ye married men! do you understand the situation? He was to be away for a year, two, or possibly three, and his wife did not have an inkling of it. Now, he must break the news to her

As plainly shown by Cabot Lodge and other historians, there was much rivalry for the office, and it was only allotted to the South as a political deal after much bickering. Washington had been a passive but very willing candidate, and after a struggle his friends secured him the prize—and now what to do with

Martha! Writing to her, among other things he says, "You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you in the most solemn manner that so far from seeking the appointment I have done all in my power to avoid it." The man who will not fabricate a bit in order to keep peace with the wife of his bosom is not much of a man. But "Patsy's" objections were overcome, and beyond a few chidings and sundry complainings, she did nothing to block the great game of war.

At Princeton, Washington ordered campfires to be built along the brow of a hill for a mile, and when the fires were well lighted, he withdrew his army, marched around to the other side, and surprised the enemy at daylight. At Brooklyn, he used masked batteries, and presented a fierce row of round, black spots painted on canvas that, from the city, looked like the mouths of cannon at which men seek the bauble reputation. It is said he also sent a note threatening to fire these sham cannon, on receiving which the enemy hastily moved beyond range. Perceiving afterwards that they had been imposed upon, the brave English sent word to "shoot and be damned." Evidently, Washington considered that all things are fair in love and war.

Washington talked but little, and his usual air was one of melancholy that stopped just short of sadness. All this, with the firmness of his features and the dignity of his carriage, gave the impression of sternness and severity. And these things gave rise to the popular

conception that he had small sense of humor; yet he surely was fond of a quiet smile.

At one time, Congress insisted that a standing army of five thousand men was too large; Washington replied that if England would agree never to invade this country with more than three thousand men, he would be perfectly willing that our army should be reduced to four thousand.

When the King of Spain, knowing he was a farmer, thoughtfully sent him a present of a jackass, Washington proposed naming the animal in honor of the donor; and in writing to friends about the present, draws invidious comparisons between the gift and the giver. Evidently, the joke pleased him, for he repeats it in different letters; thus showing how, when he sat down to clear his desk of correspondence, he economized energy by following a form. So, we now find letters that are almost identical, even to jokes, sent to persons in South Carolina and in Massachusetts. Doubtless the good man thought they would never be compared, for how could he foresee that an autograph-dealer in New York would eventually catalog them at twenty-two dollars fifty cents each, or that a very proper but half-affectionate missive of his to a Faire Ladye would be sold by her great-granddaughter for fifty dollars?

¶ In Seventeen Hundred Ninety-three there were on the Mount Vernon plantation three hundred seventy head of cattle, and Washington appends to the report

a sad regret that, with all this number of horned beasts, he yet has to buy butter. There is also a fine, grim humor shown in the incident of a flag of truce coming in at New York, bearing a message from General Howe, addressed to "Mr. Washington." The General took the letter from the hand of the redcoat, glanced at the superscription, and said: "Why, this letter is not for me! It is directed to a planter in Virginia. I 'll keep it and give it to him at the end of the war." Then, cramming the letter into his pocket, he ordered the flag of truce out of the lines and directed the gunners to stand by. In an hour, another letter came back addressed to "His Excellency, General Washington." ¶ It was not long after this a soldier brought to Washington a dog that had been found wearing a collar with the name of General Howe engraved on it. Washington returned the dog by a special messenger with a note reading, "General Washington sends his compliments to General Howe, and begs to return one dog that evidently belongs to him." In this instance, I am inclined to think that Washington acted in sober good faith, but was the victim of a practical joke on the part of one of his aides.

Another remark that sounds like a joke, but perhaps was not one, was when, on taking command of the army at Boston, the General writes to his lifelong friend, Doctor Craik, asking what he can do for him, and adding a sentiment still in the air: "But these

Massachusetts people suffer nothing to go by them that they can lay their hands on." In another letter he pays his compliments to Connecticut thus: " Their impecunious meanness surpasses belief." When Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, Washington refused to humiliate him and his officers by accepting their swords. He treated Cornwallis as his guest, and even " gave a dinner in his honor." At this dinner, Rochambeau being asked for a toast gave "The United States." Washington proposed " The King of France." Cornwallis merely gave " The King," and Washington, putting the toast, expressed it as Cornwallis intended, " The King of England," and added a sentiment of his own that made even Cornwallis laugh—" May he stay there!" Washington's treatment of Cornwallis made him a lifelong friend. Many years after, when Cornwallis was Governor-General of India, he sent a message to his old antagonist, wishing him " prosperity and enjoyment," and adding, " As for myself, I am yet in troubled waters."

GEORGE WASHINGTON

ONCE in a century, possibly, a being is born who possesses a transcendent insight, and him we call a "genius." Shakespeare, for instance, to whom all knowledge lay open; Joan of Arc; the artist Turner; Swedenborg, the mystic —these are the men who know a royal road to geometry; but we may safely leave them out of account when we deal with the builders of a State, for among statesmen there are no geniuses.

Nobody knows just what a genius is or what he may do next; he boils at an unknown temperature, and often explodes at a touch. He is uncertain and therefore unsafe. His best results are conjured forth, but no man has yet conjured forth a Nation—it is all slow, patient, painstaking work along mathematical lines. Washington was a mathematician and therefore not a genius. We call him a great man, but his greatness was of that sort in which we all can share; his virtues were of a kind that, in degree, we too may possess. Any man who succeeds in a legitimate business works with the same tools that Washington used. Washington was human. We know the man; we understand him; we comprehend how he succeeded, for with him there were no tricks, no legerdemain, no secrets. He is very near to us.

Washington is indeed first in the hearts of his countrymen. Washington has no detractors. There may come a time when another will take first place in the affections

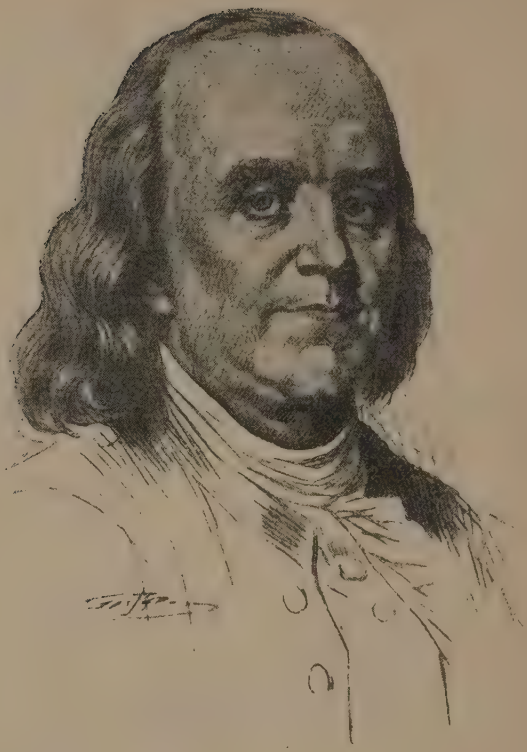
of the people, but that time is not yet ripe. Lincoln stood between men who now live and the prizes they coveted; thousands still tread the earth whom he benefited, and neither class can forgive, for they are of clay. But all those who lived when Washington lived are gone; not one survives; even the last body-servant, who confused memory with hearsay, has departed babbling to his rest.

We know all of Washington we will ever know; there are no more documents to present, no partisan witnesses to examine, no prejudices to remove. His purity of purpose stands unimpeached; his steadfast earnestness and sterling honesty are our priceless examples.

We love the man.

We call him Father.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

I will speak ill of no man, not even in matter of truth; but rather excuse the faults I hear charged upon others, and upon proper occasion speak all the good I know of everybody.

—*Franklin's Journal*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

ENJAMIN FRANKLIN was twelve years old. He was large and strong and fat and good-natured, and had a full-moon face and red cheeks that made him look like a country bumpkin. He was born in Boston within twenty yards of the church called "Old South," but the Franklins now lived at the corner of Congress and Hanover Streets, where to this day there swings in the breeze a gilded ball, and on it the legend, "Josiah Franklin, Soap-Boiler."

Benjamin was the fifteenth child in the family; and several having grown to maturity and flown, there were thirteen at the table when little Ben first sat in the high chair. But the Franklins were not superstitious, and if little Ben ever prayed that another would be born, just for luck, we know nothing of it. His mother loved him very much and indulged him in many ways, for he was always her baby boy, but the father thought that because he was good-natured he was also lazy and should be disciplined.

Once upon a time the father was packing a barrel of beef in the cellar, and Ben was helping him, and as the father always said grace at table, the boy suggested he ask a blessing, once for all, on the barrel of beef and

thus economize breath. But economics along that line did not appeal to Josiah Franklin, for this was early in Seventeen Hundred Eighteen, and Josiah was a Presbyterian and lived in Boston. ¶ The boy was not religious, for he never "went forward," and only went to church because he had to, and read "Plutarch's Lives" with much more relish than he did "Saints' Rest." But he had great curiosity and asked questions until his mother would say, "Goodness gracious, go and play!" ¶ And as the boy was n't very religious or very fond of work, his father and mother decided that there were only two careers open for him: the mother proposed that he be made a preacher, but his father said, send him to sea ✍ To go to sea under a good strict captain would discipline him, and to send him off and put him under the care of the Reverend Doctor Thirdly would answer the same purpose—which course should be pursued? But Pallas Athene, who was to watch over this lad's destinies all through life, preserved him from either ✍ ✍

His parents' aspirations extended even to his becoming captain of a schooner or pastor of the First Church at Roxbury. And no doubt he could have sailed the schooner around the globe in safety, or filled the pulpit with a degree of power that would have caused consternation to reign in the heart of every other preacher in town; but Fate saved him that he might take the Ship of State, when she threatened to strand on the rocks

of adversity, and pilot her into peaceful waters, and to preach such sermons to America that their eloquence still moves us to better things.

Parents think that what they say about their children goes, and once in an awfully long time it does, but the men who become great and learned usually do so in spite of their parents—which remark was first made by Martin Luther, but need not be discredited on that account ☙ ☙

Ben's oldest brother was James. Now, James was nearly forty; he was tall and slender, stooped a little, and had sandy whiskers, and a nervous cough, and positive ideas on many subjects—one of which was that he was a printer. His apprentice, or "devil," had left him, because the devil did not like to be cuffed whenever the compositor shuffled his fonts. James needed another apprentice, and proposed to take his younger brother and make a man of him if the old folks were willing. The old folks were willing and Ben was duly bound by law to his brother, agreeing to serve him faithfully, as Jacob served Laban, for seven years and two years more ☙ ☙

Science has explained many things, but it has not yet told why it sometimes happens that when seventeen eggs are hatched, the brood will consist of sixteen barnyard fowls and one eagle.

James Franklin was a man of small capacity, whimsical, jealous and arbitrary. But if he cuffed his apprentice

Benjamin when the compositor blundered, and when he did n't, it was his legal right; and the master who did not occasionally kick his apprentices was considered derelict to duty. The boy ran errands, cleaned the presses, swept the shop, tied up bundles, did the tasks that no one else would do; and incidentally "learned the case." Then he set type, and after a while ran a press. And in those days a printer ranked considerably above a common mechanic. A man who was a printer was a literary man, as were the master printers of London and Venice. A printer was a man of taste. All editors were printers, and usually composed the matter as they set it up in type. Thus we now have the expressions: a "composing-room," a "composing-stick," etc. People once addressed "Mr. Printer," not "Mr. Editor," and when they met "Mr. Printer" on the street removed their hats—but not in Philadelphia.

Young Franklin felt a proper degree of pride in his work, if not vanity. In fact, he himself has said that vanity is a good thing, and whenever he saw it come flaunting down the street, always made way, knowing that there was virtue somewhere back of it—out of sight perhaps, but still there. James, being a brother, had no confidence in Ben's intellect, so when Ben wrote short articles on this and that, he tucked them under the door so that James would find them in the morning. James showed these articles to his friends, and they all voted them very fine, and concluded they must have been

written by Doctor So-and-So, Ph. D., who, like Lord Bacon, was a very modest man and did not care to see his name in print.

Yet, by and by, it came out who it was that wrote the anonymous " hot stuff," and then James did not think it was quite so good as he at first thought, and moreover, declared he knew whose it was all the time. Ben was eighteen and had read Montaigne, and Collins, and Shaftesbury, and Hume. When he wrote he expressed thoughts that then were considered very dreadful, but that can now be heard proclaimed even in good orthodox churches. But Ben had wit and to spare, and he leveled it at government officials and preachers, and these gentlemen did not relish the jokes—people seldom relish jokes at their own expense—and they sought to suppress the newspaper that the Franklin brothers published.

The blame for all the trouble James heaped upon Benjamin, and all the credit for success he took to himself. James declared that Ben had the big head—and he probably was right; but he forgot that the big head, like mumps and measles and everything else in life, is self-limiting and good in its way. So, to teach Ben his proper place, James reminded him that he was only an apprentice, with three years yet to serve, and that he should be seen seldom and not heard all the time, and that if he ran away he would send a constable after him and fetch him back.

Ben evidently had a mind open to suggestive influences, for the remark about running away prompted him to do so. He sold some of his books and got himself secreted on board a ship about to sail for New York ☙ Arriving at New York, in three days he found the broad-brimmed Dutch had small use for printers and no special admiration for the art preservative; and he started for Philadelphia.

Every one knows how he landed in a small boat at the foot of Market Street with only a few coppers in his pocket, and made his way to a bakeshop and asked for a threepenny loaf of bread, and being told they had no threepenny loaves, then asked for threepenny's worth of any kind of bread, and was given three loaves. Where is the man who in a strange land has not suffered rather than reveal his ignorance before a shopkeeper? When I was first in England and could not compute readily in shillings and pence, I would toss out a gold piece when I made a purchase and assume a 'igh and 'aughty mien. And that Philadelphia baker probably died in blissful ignorance of the fact that the youth who was to be America's pride bought from him three loaves of bread when he wanted only one.

The runaway Ben had a downy beard all over his face, and as he took his three loaves and walked up Market Street, with a loaf under each arm, munching on the third, he was smiled upon in merry mirth by the buxom Deborah Read, as she stood in the doorway of her

father's house. Yet Franklin got even with her, for some months after, he went back that way and courted her, and she grew to love him, and they " exchanged promises," he says. After some months of work and love-making, Franklin sailed away to England on a wild-goose chase. He promised to return soon and make Deborah his wife. But he wrote only one solitary letter to the broken-hearted girl and did not come back for nearly two years.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

TIME is the great avenger as well as educator; only the education is usually deferred until it no longer avails in this incarnation, and is valuable only for advice—and nobody wants advice. Deathbed repentances may be legal-tender for salvation in another world, but for this they are below par, and regeneration that is postponed until the man has no further capacity to sin is little better. For sin is only perverted power, and the man without capacity to sin neither has ability to do good—is n't that so? His soul is a Dead Sea that supports neither ameba nor fish, neither noxious bacilli nor useful life. Happy is the man who conserves his God-given power until wisdom and not passion shall direct it. So, the younger in life a man makes the resolve to turn and live, the better for that man and the better for the world.

Once upon a time Carlyle took Milburn, the blind preacher, out on to Chelsea embankment and showed the sightless man where Franklin plunged into the Thames and swam to Blackfriars Bridge. " He might have stayed here," said Thomas Carlyle, " and become a swimming-teacher, but God had other work for him! "

Franklin had many opportunities to stop and become a victim of arrested development, but he never embraced the occasion. He could have stayed in Boston and been a humdrum preacher, or a thrifty sea-captain, or an ordinary printer; or he could have remained in London, and been, like his friend Ralph, a clever writer

of doggerel, and a supporter of the political party that would pay the most.

Benjamin Franklin was twenty years old when he returned from England. The ship was beaten back by headwinds and blown out of her course by blizzards, and becalmed at times, so it took eighty-two days to make the voyage. A worthy old clergyman tells me this was so ordained and ordered that Benjamin might have time to meditate on the follies of youth and shape his course for the future, and I do not argue the case, for I am quite willing to admit that my friend, the clergyman, has the facts.

Yes, we must be " converted," " born again," " regenerated," or whatever you may be pleased to call it. Sometimes—very often—it is love that reforms a man, sometimes sickness, sometimes sore bereavement ✠ Doctor Talmage says that with Saint Paul it was a sunstroke, and this may be so, for surely Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus to persecute Christians was not in love. Love forgives to seventy times seven and persecutes nobody.

We do not know just what it was that turned Franklin; he had tried folly—we know that—and he just seems to have anticipated Browning and concluded:

" It 's wiser being good than bad;
It 's safer being meek than fierce;
It 's better being sane than mad."

On this voyage the young printer was thrust down into the depths and made to wrestle with the powers of darkness; and in the remorse of soul that came over him he made a liturgy to be repeated night and morning, and at midday. There were many items in this ritual—all of which were corrected and amended from time to time in after-years. Here are a few paragraphs that represent the longings and trend of the lad's heart. His prayer was:

"That I may have tenderness for the meek; that I may be kind to my neighbors, good-natured to my companions and hospitable to strangers. Help me, O God!

"That I may be averse to craft and overreaching, abhor extortion and every kind of weakness and wickedness. Help me, O God!

"That I may have constant regard to honor and probity; that I may possess an innocent and good conscience, and at length become truly virtuous and magnanimous. Help me, O God!

"That I may refrain from calumny and detraction; that I may abhor deceit, and avoid lying, envy and fraud, flattery, hatred, malice and ingratitude. Help me, O God!" ☙ ☙

Then, in addition, he formed rules of conduct and wrote them out and committed them to memory. The maxims he adopted are old as thought, yet can never become antiquated, for in morals there is nothing either new or old, neither can there be.

On that return voyage from England, he inwardly vowed that his first act on getting ashore would be to find Deborah Read and make peace with her and his conscience. And true to his vow, he found her, but she was the wife of another. Her mother believed that Franklin had run away simply to get rid of her, and the poor girl, dazed and forlorn, bereft of will, had been induced to marry a man by the name of Rogers, who was a potter and also a potterer, but who Franklin says was " a very good potter." ¶ After some months, Deborah left the potter, because she did not like to be reproved with a strap, and went home to her mother ¶ Franklin was now well in the way of prosperity, aged twenty-four, with a little printing business, plans plus, and ambitions to spare. He had had his little fling in life, and had done various things of which he was ashamed; and the foolish things that Deborah had done were no worse than those of which he had been guilty. So he called on her, and they talked it over and made honest confessions that are good for the soul. The potter disappeared—no one knew where—some said he was dead, but Benjamin and Deborah did not wear mourning. They took rumor's word for it, and thanked God, and went to a church and were married.

Deborah brought to the firm a very small dowry; and Benjamin contributed a bright baby boy, aged two years, captured no one knows just where. This boy was William Franklin, who grew up into a very excellent

man, and the worst that can be said of him is that he became Governor of New Jersey. He loved and respected his father, and called Deborah mother, and loved her very much. And she was worthy of all love, and ever treated him with tenderness and gentlest considerate care. Possibly a blot on the 'scutcheon may, in the working of God's providence, not always be a dire misfortune, for it sometimes has the effect of binding broken hearts as nothing else can, as a cicatrice toughens the fiber

Deborah had not much education, but she had good, sturdy commonsense, which is better if you are forced to make choice. She set herself to help her husband in every way possible, and so far as I know, never sighed for one of those things you call " a career." She even worked in the printing-office, folding, stitching, and doing up bundles.

Long years afterward, when Franklin was Ambassador of the American Colonies in France, he told with pride that the clothes he wore were spun, woven, cut out, and made into garments—all by his wife's own hands. Franklin's love for Deborah was very steadfast. Together they became rich and respected, won world-wide fame, and honors came that way such as no American before or since has ever received.

And when I say, " God bless all good women who help men do their work," I simply repeat the words once used by Benjamin Franklin when he had Deborah in mind.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

HEN Franklin was forty-two, he had accumulated a fortune of seventy-five thousand dollars. It gave him an income of about four thousand dollars a year, which he said was all he wanted; so he sold out his business, intending to devote his entire energies to the study of science and languages. He had lived just one-half his days; and had he then passed out, his life could have been summed up as one of the most useful that ever has been lived. He had founded and been the life of the Junto Club—the most sensible and beneficent club of which I ever heard

The series of questions asked at every meeting of the Junto, so mirror the life and habit of thought of Franklin that we had better glance at a few of them:

1. Have you read over these queries this morning, in order to consider what you might have to offer the Junto, touching any one of them?

2. Have you met with anything in the author you last read, remarkable, or suitable to be communicated to the Junto; particularly in history, morality, poetry, physics, travels, mechanical arts, or other parts of knowledge?

3. Do you know of a fellow-citizen, who has lately done a worthy action, deserving praise and imitation; or who has lately committed an error, proper for us to be warned against and avoid?

4. What unhappy effects of intemperance have you

lately observed or heard; of imprudence, of passion, or of any other vice or folly?

5. What happy effects of temperance, of prudence, of moderation, or of any other virtue?

6. Do you think of anything at present in which the members of the Junto may be serviceable to mankind, to their country, to their friends, or to themselves?

7. Hath any deserving stranger arrived in town since last meeting that you have heard of? And what have you heard or observed of his character or merits? And whether, think you, it lies in the power of the Junto to oblige him, or encourage him as he deserves?

8. Do you know of any deserving young beginner, lately set up, whom it lies in the power of the Junto in any way to encourage?

9. Have you lately observed any defect in the laws of your country, of which it would be proper to move the legislature for an amendment? Or do you know of any beneficial law that is wanting?

10. Have you lately observed any encroachment on the just liberties of the people?

11. In what manner can the Junto, or any of its members, assist you in any of your honorable designs?

12. Have you any weighty affair on hand in which you think the advice of the Junto may be of service?

13. What benefits have you lately received from any man not present?

14. Is there any difficulty in matters of opinion, of

justice and injustice, which you would gladly have discussed at this time?

The Junto led to the establishment, by Franklin, of the Philadelphia Public Library, which became the parent of all public libraries in America. He also organized and equipped a fire-company; paved and lighted the streets of Philadelphia; established a high school and an academy for the study of English branches; founded the Philadelphia Public Hospital; invented the toggle-joint printing-press, the Franklin Stove, and various other useful mechanical devices.

After his retirement from business, Franklin enjoyed seven years of what he called leisure, but they were years of study and application; years of happiness and sweet content, but years of aspiration and an earnest looking into the future. His experiments with kite and key had made his name known in all the scientific circles of Europe, and his suggestive writings on the subject of electricity had caused Goethe to lay down his pen and go to rubbing amber for the edification of all Weimar ℵ Franklin was in correspondence with the greatest minds of Europe, and what his " Poor Richard Almanac " had done for the plain people of America, his pamphlets were now doing for the philosophers of the Old World.

In Seventeen Hundred Fifty-four, he wrote a treatise showing the Colonies that they must be united, and this was the first public word that was to grow and crystallize

and become the United States of America. Before that, the Colonies were simply single, independent, jealous and bickering overgrown clans. Franklin showed for the first time that they must unite in mutual aims.

In Seventeen Hundred Fifty-seven, matters were getting a little strained between the Province of Pennsylvania and England. "The lawmakers of England do not understand us—some one should go there as an authorized agent to plead our cause," and Franklin was at once chosen as the man of strongest personality and soundest sense. So Franklin went to England and remained there for five years as agent for the Colonies.

¶ He then returned home, but after two years the Stamp Act had stirred up the public temper to a degree that made revolution imminent, and Franklin again went to England to plead for justice. The record of the ten years he now spent in London is told by Bancroft in a hundred pages. Bancroft is very good, and I have no desire to rival him, so suffice it to say that Franklin did all that any man could have done to avert the coming War of the Revolution. Burke has said that when he appeared before Parliament to be examined as to the condition of things in America, it was like a lot of schoolboys interrogating the master.

With the voice and tongue of a prophet, Franklin foretold the English people what the outcome of their treatment of America would be. Pitt and a few others knew the greatness of Franklin, and saw that he was

right, but the rest smiled in derision. ¶ He sailed for home in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-five, and urged the Continental Congress to issue the Declaration of Independence, of which he became a signer. Then the war came, and had not Franklin gone to Paris and made an ally of France, and borrowed money, the Continental Army could not have been maintained in the field ☙ He remained in France for nine years, and was the pride and pet of the people. His sound sense, his good humor, his distinguished personality, gave him the freedom of society everywhere. He had the ability to adapt himself to conditions, and was everywhere at home.

Once, he attended a memorable banquet in Paris shortly after the close of the Revolutionary War. Among the speakers was the English Ambassador, who responded to the toast, "Great Britain." The Ambassador dwelt at length on England's greatness, and likened her to the sun that sheds its beneficent rays on all. The next toast was "America," and Franklin was called on to respond. He began very modestly by saying: "The Republic is too young to be spoken of in terms of praise; her career is yet to come, and so, instead of America, I will name you a man, George Washington—the Joshua who successfully commanded the sun to stand still." The Frenchmen at the board forgot the courtesy due their English guest, and laughed needlessly loud ☙ ☙

Franklin was regarded in Paris as the man who had both

planned the War of the Revolution, and fought it. They said, " He despoiled the thunderbolt of its danger and snatched sovereignty out of the hand of King George of England." No doubt that his ovation was largely owing to the fact that he was supposed to have plucked whole handfuls of feathers from England's glory, and surely they were pretty nearly right.

In point of all-round development, Franklin must stand as the foremost American. The one intent of his mind was to purify his own spirit, to develop his intellect on every side, and make his body the servant of his soul. His passion was to acquire knowledge, and the desire of his heart was to communicate it.

The writings of Franklin—simple, clear, concise, direct, impartial, brimful of commonsense—form a model which may be studied by every one with pleasure and profit. They should constitute a part of the curriculum of every college and high school that aspires to cultivate in its pupils a pure style and correct literary taste.

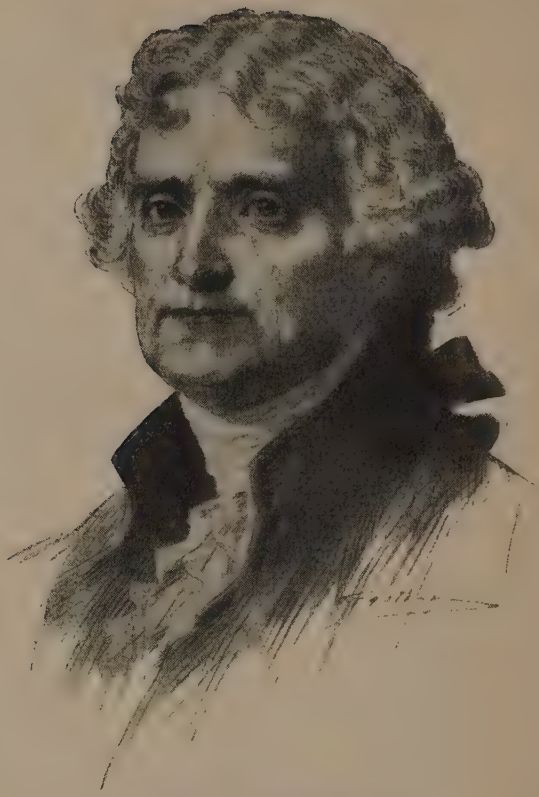
¶ We know of no man who ever lived a fuller life, a happier life, a life more useful to other men, than Benjamin Franklin. For forty-two years he gave the constant efforts of his life to his country, and during all that time no taint of a selfish action can be laid to his charge. Almost his last public act was to petition Congress to pass an act for the abolition of slavery. He died in Seventeen Hundred Ninety, and as you walk up Arch Street, Philadelphia, only a few squares from

the spot where stood his printing-shop, you can see the place where he sleeps.

The following epitaph, written by himself, does not, however, appear on the simple monument that marks his grave:

The Body
of
Benjamin Franklin, Printer
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stripped of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies here food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will (as he believes) appear once
more
In a new
And more beautiful Edition
Corrected and Amended
By
The Author.

THOMAS JEFFERSON



THOMAS JEFFERSON

If I could not go to Heaven but with a Party, I would not go there at all.

—*Jefferson, in a Letter to Madison*

THOMAS JEFFERSON

ILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE was founded in Sixteen Hundred Ninety-two by the persons whose names it bears. The founders bestowed on it an endowment that would have been generous had there not been attached to it sundry strings in way of conditions ¶ The intent was to make Indians Episcopalians, and white students clergymen; and the assumption being that between the whites and the aborigines there was little difference, the curriculum was an ecclesiastic medley.

All the teachers were appointed by the Bishop of London, and the places were usually given to clergymen who were not needed in England.

To this college, in Seventeen Hundred Sixty, came Thomas Jefferson, a tall, red-haired youth, aged seventeen. He had a sharp nose and a sharp chin; and a youth having these has a sharp intellect—mark it well. ¶ This boy had not been " sent " to college. He came of his own accord from his home at Shadwell, five days' horseback journey through the woods. His father was dead, and his mother, a rare gentle soul, was an invalid. ¶ Death is not a calamity " per se," nor is physical weakness necessarily a curse, for out of these seeming unkind conditions Nature often distils her finest

products. The dying injunction of a father may impress itself upon a son as no example of right living ever can, and the physical disability of a mother may be the means that work for excellence and strength. The last-expressed wish of Peter Jefferson was that his son should be well educated, and attain to a degree of useful manliness that the father had never reached. And into the keeping of this fourteen-year-old youth the dying man, with the last flicker of his intellect, gave the mother, sisters and baby brother.

We often hear of persons who became aged in a single night, their hair turning from dark to white; but I have seen death thrust responsibility upon a lad and make of him a man between the rising of the sun and its setting. When we talk of "right environment" and the "proper conditions" that should surround growing youth, we fan the air with words—there is no such thing as a universal right environment.

An appreciative chapter might here be inserted concerning those beings who move about only in rolling chairs, who never see the winter landscape but through windows, and who exert their gentle sway from an invalid's couch, to which the entire household or neighborhood come to confession or to counsel. And yet I have small sympathy for the people who professionally enjoy poor health, and no man more than I reverences the Greek passion for physical perfection. But a close study of Jefferson's early life reveals the truth that the

death of his father and the physical weakness of his mother and sisters were factors that developed in him a gentle sense of chivalry, a silken strength of will, and a habit of independent thought and action that served him in good stead throughout a long life.

Williamsburg was then the capital of Virginia. It contained only about a thousand inhabitants, but when the Legislature was in session it was very gay.

At one end of a wide avenue was the Capitol, and at the other the Governor's " palace"; and when the city of Washington was laid out, Williamsburg served as a model. On Saturdays, there were horse-races on the " Avenue"; everybody gambled; cockfights and dog-fights were regarded as manly diversions; there was much carousing at taverns; and often at private houses there were all-night dances where the rising sun found everybody but the servants plain drunk.

At the college, both teachers and scholars were obliged to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles and to recite the Catechism. The atmosphere was charged with theology

Young Jefferson had never before seen a village of even a dozen houses, and he looked upon this as a type of all cities. He thought about it, talked about it, wrote about it, and we now know that at this time his ideas concerning city versus country crystallized.

Fifty years after, when he had come to know London and Paris, and had seen the chief cities of Christendom,

he repeated the words he had written in youth, "The hope of a nation lies in its tillers of the soil!"

On his mother's side he was related to the "first families," but aristocracy and caste had no fascination for him, and he then began forming those ideas of utility, simplicity and equality that time only strengthened ✍ ✍

His tutors and professors served chiefly as "horrible examples," with the shining exception of Doctor Small. The friendship that ripened between this man and young Jefferson is an ideal example of what can be done through the personal touch. Men are great only as they excel in sympathy; and the difference between sympathy and imagination has not yet been shown us. ¶ Doctor Small encouraged the young farmer from the hills to think and to express himself. He did not endeavor to set him straight or explain everything for him, or correct all his vagaries, or demand that he should memorize rules. He gave his affectionate sympathy to the boy who, with a sort of feminine tenderness, clung to the only person who understood him.

To Doctor Small, pedigree and history unknown, let us give the credit of being first in the list of friends that gave bent to the mind of Jefferson. John Burke, in his "History of Virginia," refers to Professor Small thus: "He was not any too orthodox in his opinions." And here we catch a glimpse of a formative influence in the life of Jefferson that caused him to turn from the letter

of the law and cleave to the spirit that maketh alive. After school-hours the tutor and the student walked and talked, and on Saturdays and Sundays went on excursions through the woods; and to the youth there was given an impulse for a scientific knowledge of birds and flowers and the host of life that thronged the forest. And when the pair had strayed so far beyond the town that darkness gathered and the stars came out, they conversed of the wonders of the sky.

The true scientist has no passion for killing things. He says with Thoreau, "To shoot a bird is to lose it." Professor Small had the gentle instinct that respects life, and he refused to take that which he could not give. To his youthful companion he imparted, in a degree, the secret of enjoying things without the passion for possession and the lust of ownership.

There is a myth abroad that college towns are intellectual centers; but the number of people in a college town (or any other) who really think, is very few. Williamsburg was gay, and, this much said, it is needless to add it was not intellectual. But Professor Small was a thinker, and so was Governor Fauquier; and these two were firm friends, although very unlike in many ways. And to "the palace" of the courtly Fauquier, Small took his young friend Jefferson. Fauquier was often a master of the revels, but after his seasons of dissipation he turned to Small for absolution and comfort. At these times he seemed to Jefferson a paragon

of excellence. To the grace of the French he added the earnestness of the English. He quoted Pope, and talked of Swift, Addison and Thomson. Fauquier and Jefferson became friends, although more than a score of years and a world of experience separated them. Jefferson caught a little of Fauquier's grace, love of books and delight in architecture. But Fauquier helped him most by gambling away all his ready money and getting drunk and smoking strong pipes with his feet on the table. And Jefferson then vowed he would never handle a card, nor use tobacco, nor drink intoxicating liquors. And in conversation with Small, he anticipated Buckle by saying, "To gain leisure, wealth must first be secured; but once leisure is gained, more people use it in the pursuit of pleasure than employ it in acquiring knowledge."

THOMAS JEFFERSON

AD Jefferson lived in a great city he would have been an architect. His practical nature, his mastery of mathematics, his love of proportion, and his passion for music are the basic elements that make a Christopher Wren. But Virginia, in Seventeen Hundred Sixty-five, offered no temptation to ambitions along that line; log houses with a goodly " crack " were quite good enough, and if the domicile proved too small the plan of the first was simply duplicated. Yet a career of some kind young Jefferson knew awaited him.

About this time the rollicking Patrick Henry came along. Patrick played the violin, and so did Thomas. These two young men had first met on a musical basis. Some otherwise sensible people hold that musicians are shallow and impractical; and I know one man who declares that truth and honesty and uprightness never dwelt in a professional musician's heart; and further, that the tribe is totally incapable of comprehending the difference between " meum " and " tuum." But then this same man claims that actors are rascals who have lost their own characters in the business of playing they are somebody else. And yet I 'll explain for the benefit of the captious that, although Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry both fiddled, they never did and never would fiddle while Rome burned. Music was with them a pastime, not a profession.

As soon as Patrick Henry arrived at Williamsburg, he

sought out his old friend Thomas Jefferson, because he liked him—and to save tavern bill. And Patrick announced that he had come to Williamsburg to be admitted to the bar.

"How long have you studied law?" asked Jefferson.

¶ "Oh, for six weeks last Tuesday," was the answer ☙ Tradition has it that Jefferson advised Patrick to go home and study at least a fortnight more before making his application. But Patrick declared that the way to learn law is to practise it, and he surely was right. Most young lawyers are really never aware of how little law they know until they begin to practise.

But Patrick Henry was duly admitted, although George Wythe protested. Then Patrick went back home to tend bar (the other kind) for Laban, his father-in-law, for full four years. He studied hard and practised a little betimes—and his is the only instance that history records of a barkeeper acquiring wisdom while following his calling; but for the encouragement of budding youth I write it down.

NO doubt it was the example of Patrick Henry that caused Jefferson to adopt his profession. But it was the literary side of law that first attracted him—not the practise of it. As a speaker he was singularly deficient, a slight physical malformation of the throat giving him a very poor and uncertain voice. But he studied law, and after all it does not make much difference what a man studies—all knowledge is related, and the man who studies anything if he keeps at it will become learned.

So Jefferson studied in the office of George Wythe, and absorbed all that Fauquier had to offer, and grew wise in the companionship of Doctor Small. From a red-headed, lean, lank, awkward mountaineer, he developed into a gracious and graceful young man who has been described as " auburn-haired." And the evolution from being red-headed to having red hair, and from that to being auburn-haired, proves he was the genuine article. Still he was not handsome—that word can not be used to describe him until he was sixty—for he was freckled, one shoulder was higher than the other, and his legs were so thin that they could not do justice to small-clothes

Yet it will not do to assume that thin men are weak, any more than to take it for granted that fat men are strong. Jefferson was as muscular as a panther and could walk or ride or run six days and nights together. He could lift from the floor a thousand pounds.

When twenty-four, he hung out his lawyer's sign under that of George Wythe at Williamsburg. And clients came that way with retainers, and rich planters sent him business, and wealthy widows advised with him—and still he could not make a speech without stuttering. Many men can harangue a jury, and every village has its orator; but where is the wise and silent man who will advise you in a way that will keep you out of difficulty, protect your threatened interests, and conduct the affairs you may leave in his hands so as to return your ten talents with other talents added! And I hazard the statement, without heat or prejudice, that if the experiment should be made with a thousand lawyers in any one of our larger cities, four-fifths of them would be found so deficient, either mentally, morally or both, that if ten talents were placed in their hands, they would not at the close of a year be able to account for the principal, to say nothing of the interest. And the bar of today is made up of a better class than it was in Jefferson's time, even if it has not the intellectual fiber that it had forty years ago.

But at the early age of twenty-five, Jefferson was a wise and skilful man in the world's affairs (and a man who is wise is also honest), and men of this stamp do not remain hidden in obscurity. The world needs just such individuals and needs them badly. Jefferson had the quiet, methodical industry that works without undue expenditure of nervous force; that intuitive talent which

enables the possessor to read a whole page at a glance and drop at once upon the vital point; and then he had the ability to get his whole case on paper, marshaling his facts in a brief, pointed way that served to convince better than eloquence. These are the characteristics that make for success in practise before our Courts of Appeal; and Jefferson's success shows that they serve better than bluster, even with a backwoods bench composed of fox-hunting farmers.

In Seventeen Hundred Sixty-eight, when Jefferson was twenty-five, he went down to Shadwell and ran for member of the Virginia Legislature. It was the proper thing to do, for he was the richest man in the county, being heir to his father's forty thousand acres, and it was expected that he would represent his district. He called on every voter in the parish, shook hands with everybody, complimented the ladies, caressed the babies, treated crowds at every tavern, and kept a large punch-bowl and open house at home. He was elected. On the Eleventh of May, Seventeen Hundred Sixty-nine, the Legislature convened, with nearly a hundred members present, Colonel George Washington being one of the number. It took two days for the Assembly to elect a Speaker and get ready for business. On the third day, four resolutions were introduced—pushed to the front largely through the influence of our new member. These resolutions were:

1. No taxation without representation.

2. The Colonies may concur and unite in seeking redress for grievances.
3. Sending accused persons away from their own country for trial is an inexcusable wrong.
4. We will send an address on these things to the King beseeching his royal interposition.

The resolutions were passed: they did not mean much anyway, the opposition said. And then another resolution was passed to this effect: "We will send a copy of these resolutions to every legislative body on the continent." That was a little stronger, but did not mean much either.

It was voted upon and passed.

Then the Assembly adjourned, having dispatched a copy of the resolutions to Lord Boutetourt, the newly appointed Governor who had just arrived from London.

¶ Next day, the Governor's secretary appeared when the Assembly convened, and repeated the following formula: "The Governor commands the House to attend His Excellency in the Council-Chamber." The members marched to the Council-Chamber and stood around the throne waiting the pleasure of His Lordship. He made a speech which I will quote entire. "Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses: I have heard your resolves, and augur ill of their effect. You have made it my duty to dissolve you, and you are dissolved accordingly."

And that was the end of Jefferson's first term in office—

the reward for all the hand-shaking, all the caressing, all the treating!

The members looked at one another, but no one said anything, because there was nothing to say. The secretary made an impatient gesture with his hand to the effect that they should disperse, and they did.

Just how these legally elected representatives and now legally common citizens took their rebuff we do not know ☙ ☙

Did Washington forget his usual poise and break out into one of those swearing fits where everybody wisely made way? And how did Richard Henry Lee like it, and George Wythe, and the Randolphs? Did Patrick Henry wax eloquent that afternoon in a barroom, and did Jefferson do more than smile grimly, biding his time? ¶ Massachusetts kept a complete history of her political heresies, but Virginia chased foxes and left the refinements of literature to dilettantes. But this much we know: Those country gentlemen did not go off peaceably and quietly to race horses or play cards. The slap in the face from the gloved hand of Lord Boutetourt awoke every boozy sense of security and gave vitality to all fanatical messages sent by Samuel Adams. Washington, we are told, spoke of it as a bit of upstart authority on the part of the new Governor; but Jefferson with true prophetic vision saw the end ☙

ONE of the leading lawyers at Williamsburg, against whom Jefferson was often pitted, was John Wayles. I need not explain that lawyers hotly opposed to each other in a trial are not necessarily enemies. The way in which Jefferson conducted his cases pleased the veteran Wayles, and he invited Jefferson to visit him at his fine estate, called "The Forest," a few miles out from Williamsburg. Now, in the family of Mr. Wayles dwelt his widowed daughter, the beautiful Martha Skelton, gracious and rich as Jefferson in worldly goods. She played the spinet with great feeling, and the spinet and the violin go very well together. So, together, Thomas and Martha played, and sometimes a bit of discord crept in, for Thomas was absent-minded and, in the business of watching the widow's fingers touch the keys, played flat.

Long years before, he had liked and admired Becca, gazed fondly at Sukey, and finally loved Belinda. He did not tell her so, but he told John Page, and vowed that if he did not wed Belinda he would go through life solitary and alone. In a few months Belinda married that detested being—another. Then it was he again swore to his friend Page he would be true to her memory, even though she had dissembled. But now he saw that the widow Skelton had intellect, while Belinda had been but clever; the widow had soul, while Belinda had nothing but form. Jefferson's experience seems to settle that mooted question, "Can a man love two

women at the same time?" Unlike Martha Custis, this Martha was won only after a protracted wooing, with many skirmishes and occasional misunderstandings and explanations, and sweet makings-up that were surely worth a quarrel.

Then they were married at "The Forest," and rode away through the woods to Monticello. Jefferson was twenty-seven, and although it may not be proper to question closely as to the age of the widow, yet the bride, we have reason to believe, was about the age of her husband.

It was a most happy mating—all their quarreling had been done before marriage. The fine intellect and high spirit of Jefferson found their mate. She was his comrade and helpmeet as well as his wife. He could read his favorite Ossian aloud to her, and when he tired she would read to him; and all his plans and ambitions and hopes were hers. In laying out the grounds and beautifying that home on Monticello mountain, she took much more than a passive interest. It was "Our Home," and to make it a home in very sooth for her beloved husband was her highest ambition. She knew the greatness of her mate, and all the dreams she had for his advancement were to come true. With her, ideality was to become reality. But she was to see it only in part.

Yet she had seen her husband re-elected to the Virginia Legislature; sent as a member to the Colonial Congress

at Philadelphia, there to write the best known of all American literary productions; from their mountain home she had seen British troops march into Charlottesville, four miles away, and then, with household treasure, had fled, knowing that beautiful Monticello would be devastated by the enemy's ruthless tread. She had known Washington, and had visited his lonely wife there at Mount Vernon when victory hung in the balance; when defeat meant that Thomas Jefferson and George Washington would be the first victims of a vengeful foe. She saw her husband War-Governor of Virginia in its most perilous hour; she lived to know that Washington had won; that Cornwallis was his "guest," and that no man, save Washington alone, was more honored in proud Virginia than her beloved lord and husband. She saw a messenger on horseback approach bearing a packet from the Congress at Philadelphia to the effect that " His Excellency, the Honorable Thomas Jefferson," had been appointed as one of an embassy to France in the interests of the United States, with Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane as colleagues, and, knowing her husband's love for Franklin, and his respect for France, she leaned over his chair and with misty eyes saw him write his simple " No," and knew that the only reason he declined was because he would not leave his wife at a time when she might most need his tenderness and sympathy.

And then they retired to beloved Monticello to enjoy

the rest that comes only after work well done—to spend the long vacation of their lives in simple homekeeping work and studious leisure, her husband yet in manhood's prime, scarce thirty-seven, as men count time, and rich, passing rich, in goods and lands.

And then she died.

And Thomas Jefferson, the strong, the self-poised, the self-reliant, fell in a helpless swoon, and was laid on a pallet and carried out, as though he, too, were dead. For three weeks his dazed senses prayed for death. He could endure the presence of no one save his eldest daughter, a slim, slender girl of scarce ten years, grown a woman in a day. By her loving touch and tenderness he was lured back from death and reason's night into the world of life and light. With tottering steps, led by the child who had to think for both, he was taken out on the veranda of beautiful Monticello. He looked out on stretching miles of dark-blue hills and waving woods and winding river. He gazed, and as he looked it came slowly to him that the earth was still as when he last saw it, and realized that this would be so even if he were gone. Then, turning to the child, who stood by, stroking his locks, it came to him that even in grief there may be selfishness, and for the first time he responded to the tender caress, saying, "Yes, we will live, daughter—live in memory of her!"

THOMAS JEFFERSON

HEN two men of equal intelligence and sincerity quarrel, both are probably right. Hamilton and Jefferson were opposed to each other by temperament and disposition, in a way that caused either to look with distrust on any proposition made by the other. And yet, when Washington pressed upon Jefferson the position of Secretary of State, I can not but think he did it as an antidote to the growing power and vaunting ambition of Hamilton. Washington won his victories, as great men ever do, by wisely choosing his aides. Hamilton had done yeoman's service in every branch of the government, and while the chief sincerely admired his genius, he guessed his limitations. Power grows until it topples, and when it topples, innocent people are crushed. Washington was wise as a serpent, and rather than risk open ruction with Hamilton by personally setting bounds, he invited Jefferson into his cabinet, and the acid was neutralized to a degree where it could be safely handled.

Jefferson had just returned from Paris with his beloved daughter, Martha. He was intending soon to return to France and study social science at close range. Already, he had seen that mob of women march out to Versailles and fetch the King to Paris, and had seen barricade after barricade erected with the stones from the leveled Bastile; he was on intimate and affectionate terms with Lafayette and the Republican leaders, and here was a pivotal point in his life. Had not Washington persuaded

him to remain " just for the present " in America, he might have played a part in Carlyle's best book, that book which is not history, but more—an epic. So, among the many obligations that America owes to Washington, must be named this one of pushing Thomas Jefferson, the scholar and man of peace, into the political embroglio and shutting the door. Then it was that Hamilton's taunting temper awoke a degree of power in Jefferson that before he wist not of; then it was that he first fully realized that the " United States " with England as a sole pattern was not enough.

¶ A pivotal point! Yes, a pivotal point for Jefferson, America and the world; for Jefferson gave the rudder of the Ship of State such a turn to starboard that there was never again danger of her drifting on to aristocratic shoals, an easy victim to the rapacity of Great Britain. Hamilton's distrust of the people found no echo in Jefferson's mind.

He agreed with Hamilton that a " strong government " administered by a few, provided the few are wise and honorable, is the best possible government. Nay, he went further and declared that an absolute monarchy in which the monarch was all-wise and all-powerful, could not be improved upon by the imagination of man.

¶ In his composition, there was a saving touch of humor that both Hamilton and Washington seemed to lack. He could smile at himself; but none ever dared turn a joke on Hamilton, much less on Washington. And so

when Hamilton explained that a strong government administered by Washington, President; Jefferson, Secretary of State; Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury; Knox, Secretary of War; and Randolph, Attorney-General, was pretty nearly ideal, no one smiled. But Jefferson's plain inference was that power is dangerous and man is fallible; that a man so good as Washington dies tomorrow and another man steps in, and that those who have the government in their present keeping should curb ambitions, limit their own power, and thus fix a precedent for those who are to follow.

The wisdom that Jefferson as a statesman showed in working for a future good, and the willingness to forego the pomp of personal power, to sacrifice self if need be, that the day he should not see might be secure, ranks him as first among statesmen. For a statesman is one who builds a State—and not a politician who is dead, as some have said.

Others, since, have followed Jefferson's example, but in the world's history I do not recall a man before him who, while still having power in his grasp, was willing to trust the people.

The one mistake of Washington that borders on blunder was in refusing to take wages for his work. In doing this, he visited untold misery on others, who, not having married rich widows, tried to follow his example and floundered into woeful debt and disgrace; and thereby were lost to useful society and to the world.

And there are yet many public offices where small men rattle about because men who can fill the place can not afford it. Bryce declares that no able and honest man of moderate means can afford to take an active part in municipal affairs in America—and Bryce is right.

When Jefferson became President, in his messages to Congress again and again he advised the fixing of sufficient salaries to secure the best men for every branch of the service, and suggested the folly of expecting anything for nothing, or the hope of officials not "fixing things" if not properly paid.

Men from the soil who gain power are usually intoxicated by it; beginning as democrats they evolve into aristocrats, then into tyrants, if kindly Fate does not interpose, and are dethroned by the people who made them. And it is not surprising that this man, born into a plenty that bordered on affluence, and who never knew from experience the necessity of economy (until in old age tobacco and slavery had wrecked Virginia and Monticello alike), should set an almost ideal example of simplicity, moderation and brotherly kindness ☙ ☙

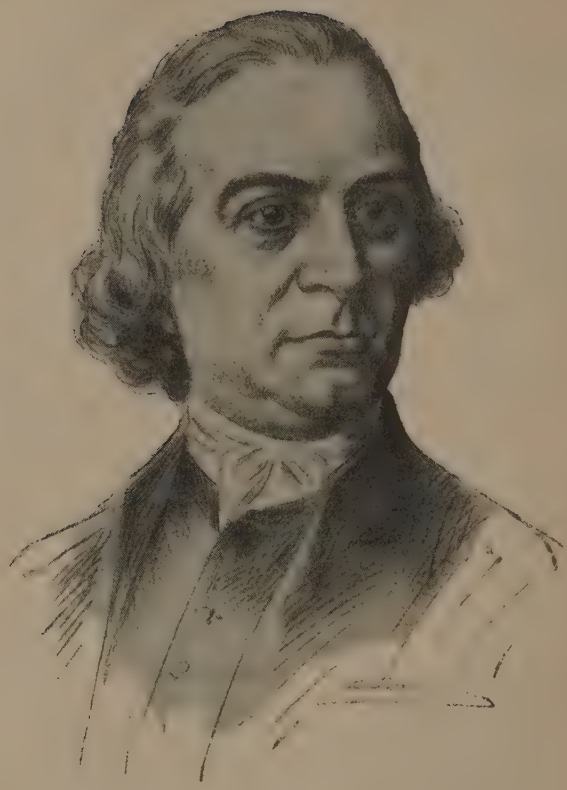
Among the chief glories that belong to him are these:

1. Writing the Declaration of Independence.
2. Suggesting and carrying out the present decimal monetary system.
3. Inducing Virginia to deed to the States, as their common property, the Northwest Territory.

4. Purchasing from France, for the comparatively trifling sum of fifteen million dollars, Louisiana and the territory running from the Gulf of Mexico to Puget's Sound, being at the rate of a fraction of a cent per acre, and giving the United States full control of the Mississippi River.

But over and beyond these is the spirit of patriotism that makes each true American feel he is parcel and part of the very fabric of the State, and in his deepest heart believe that " a government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

SAMUEL ADAMS



SAMUEL ADAMS

The body of the people are now in council. Their opposition grows into a system. They are united and resolute. And if the British Administration and Government do not return to the principles of moderation and equity, the evil, which they profess to aim at preventing by their rigorous measures, will the sooner be brought to pass, viz., the entire separation and independence of the Colonies.

—*Letter to Arthur Lee*

SAMUEL ADAMS

AMUEL and John Adams were second cousins, having the same great-grandfather. Between them in many ways there was a marked contrast, but true to their New England instincts both were theologians

John was a conservative in politics, and at first had little sympathy with "those small-minded men who refused to pay a trivial tax on their tea; and who would plunge the country into war, and ruin all for a matter of stamps." John was born and lived at the village of Braintree. He did not really center his mind on politics until the British had closed all law-courts in Boston, thus making his profession obsolete. He was scholarly, shrewd, diplomatic, cautious, good-natured, fat, and took his religion with a wink. He was blessed with a wife who was worthy of being the mother of kings (or presidents); he lived comfortably, acquired property, and died aged ninety-two. He had been President and seen his son President of the United States, and that is an experience that has never come and probably never will come to another living man, for there seems to be an unwritten law that no man under fifty shall occupy the office of Chief Magistrate of these United States.

Samuel was stern, serious and deeply in earnest. He seldom smiled and never laughed. He was uncompromisingly religious, conscientious and morally unbending. In his life there was no soft sentiment. The fact that he ran a brewery can be excused when we remember that the best spirit of the times saw nothing inconsistent in the occupation; and further than this we might explain in extenuation that he gave the business indifferent attention, and the quality of his brew was said to be very bad.

In religion, he swerved not nor wavered. He was a Calvinist and clung to the five points with a tenacity at times seemingly quite unnecessary.

When in that first Congress, Samuel Adams publicly consented to the opening of the meeting with religious service conducted by the Reverend Mr. Duche, an Episcopal clergyman, he gave a violent wrench to his conscience and an awful shock to his friends. But Mr. Duche met the issue in the true spirit, and leaving his detested "popery robe" and prayer-book at home uttered an extemporaneous invocation, without a trace of intoning, that pleased the Puritans and caused one of them to remark, "He is surely coming over to the Lord's side!"

¶ But in politics, Samuel Adams was a liberal of the liberals. In statecraft, the heresy of change had no terrors for him, and with Hamlet, he might have said, "Oh, reform it altogether!"

The limitations set in every character seem to prevent a

man from being generous in more than one direction; the bigot in religion is often a liberal in politics, and vice versa. For instance, physicians are almost invariably liberal in religious matters, but are prone to call a man "Mister" who does not belong to their school; while orthodox clergymen, I have noticed, usually employ a homeopathist ☙ ☙

In that most valuable and interesting work, "The Diary of John Adams," the author refers repeatedly to Samuel Adams as "Adams"! This simple way of using the word "Adams" shows a world of appreciation for the man who blazed the path that others of this illustrious name might follow. And so with the high precedent in mind, I, too, will drop prefix and call my subject simply "Adams."

On the authority of King George, General Gage made an offer of pardon to all save two who had figured in the Boston uprising.

The two men thus honored were John Hancock (whose signature the King could read without spectacles), and the other was "one, S. Adams."

Adams, however, was the real offender, and the plea might have been made for John Hancock that, if it had not been for accident and Adams, Hancock would probably have remained loyal to the mother country ☙ Hancock was aristocratic, cultured and complacent. He was the richest man in New England. His personal interests were on the side of peace and the established

order. But circumstances and the combined tact and zeal of Adams threw him off his guard, and in a moment of dalliance the seeds of sedition found lodgment in his brain. And the more he thought about it, the nearer he came to the conclusion that Adams was right. But let the fact further be stated, if truth demands, that both John Hancock and Samuel Adams, the first men who clearly and boldly expressed the idea of American Independence, were moved in the beginning by personal grievances

A single motion made before the British Parliament by we know not whom, and put to vote by the Speaker, bankrupted the father of Samuel Adams and robbed the youth of his patrimony.

The boy was then seventeen; old enough to know that from plenty his father was reduced to penury, and this because England, three thousand miles away, had interfered with the business arrangements of the Colony, and made unlawful a private banking scheme

Then did the boy ask the question, What moral right has England to govern us, anyway?

From thinking it over he began to formulate reasons. He discussed the subject at odd times and thought of it continually, and, in Seventeen Hundred Forty-three, when he prepared his graduation thesis at Harvard College he chose for his subject, " The Doctrine of the Lawfulness of Resistance to the Supreme Magistrate if the Commonwealth Can Not Otherwise be Preserved."

When Massachusetts admitted that she was under subjection to the King, yet argued for the right to nullify the Acts of the English Parliament, she took exactly the same ground that South Carolina did a hundred years later. The logic of Samuel Adams and of Robert Hayne was one and the same ☙ Yet we are glad that Adams carried his point; and we rejoice exceedingly that Hayne failed, so curious are these things we call " reasons."

The royalists who heard of this youth with a logical mind denounced him without stint. A few newspapers upheld him and spoke of the right of free speech and all that, reprinting the thesis in full. And in the controversy that followed, young Adams was always a prominent figure. He was not an orator in the popular sense, but he held the pen of a ready writer, and through the Boston papers kept up a constant fusillade.

The tricks of journalism are no new thing belonging to the fag-end of this century. Young Adams wrote letters over the " nom de plume " of Pro Bono Publico, and then replied to them over the signature of Rex Americus. He did not adopt as his motto, " Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," for he wrote with both hands and each hand was in the secret.

During the years that followed his graduation from college he was a businessman and a poor one, for a man who looks after public affairs much can not attend to his own. But he managed to make shift; and when too

closely pressed by creditors, a loan from Hancock, or John Adams, Hancock's attorney, relieved the pressure. In fact, when he went to Philadelphia "on that very important errand," he rode a horse borrowed from John Adams, and his Sunday coat was the gift of a thoughtful friend

In Seventeen Hundred Sixty-three, it became known that the British Government had on foot a scheme to demand a tribute from the Colonies. On invitation of a committee, possibly appointed by Adams, Adams was requested to draw up instructions to the Representatives in the Colonial Legislature. Adams did so and the document is now in the archives of the old State House at Boston, in the plain and elegant penmanship that is so easily recognized. This document calls itself, "The First Public Denial of the Right of the British Parliament to tax the Colonies without their Consent, and the first Public Suggestion of a Union on the part of the Colonies to Protect themselves against British Aggression."

The style of the paper is lucid, firm and logical; it combines in itself the suggestion of all there was to be said or could be said on the matter. Adams saw all over and around his topic—no unpleasant surprise could be sprung on him—twenty-five years had he studied this one theme. He had made himself familiar with the political history of every nation so far as such history could be gathered; he was past master of his subject

However, when he was forty years of age his followers were few and mostly men of small influence. The Calkers' Club was the home of the sedition, and many of the members were day-laborers. But the idea of independence gradually grew, and, in Seventeen Hundred Sixty-five, Adams was elected a member of the Massachusetts Colonial Legislature. In honor of his writing ability, he was chosen clerk of the Assembly, for in all public gatherings orators are chosen as presidents and newspapermen for secretaries. Thus are honors distributed, and thus, too, does the public show which talent it values most.

On November Second, Seventeen Hundred Seventy-two, on motion of Adams, a committee of several hundred citizens was appointed " to state the Rights of the Colonies and to communicate and publish them to the World as the sense of the Town, with the infringements and violations thereof that have been or may be made from time to time; also requesting from each Town a free communication of their sentiments on this Subject."

This was the Committee of Correspondence from which grew the union of the Colonies and the Congress of the United States. It is a pretty well attested fact that the first suggestion of the Philadelphia Congress came from Samuel Adams, and the chief work of bringing it about was also his.

It was well known to the British Government who the

chief agitator was, and when General Gage arrived in Boston in May, Seventeen Hundred Seventy-four, his first work was an attempt to buy off Samuel Adams. With Adams out of the way, England might have adopted a policy of conciliation and kept America for her very own—yes, to the point of moving the home government here and saving the snug little island as a colony, for both in wealth and in population America has now far surpassed England.

But Adams was not for sale. His reply to Gage sounds like a scrap from Cromwell: "I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of Kings. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the Righteous Cause of my Country."

Gage having refused to recognize the thirteen Counselors appointed by the people, the General Court of Massachusetts, in secret session, appointed five delegates to attend the Congress of Colonies at Philadelphia. Of course Samuel Adams was one of these delegates; and to John Adams, another delegate, are we indebted for a minute description of that most momentous meeting

A room in the State House had been offered the delegates, but with commendable modesty they accepted the offer of the Carpenters' Company to use their hall

And so there they convened on the fifth day of September, Seventeen Hundred Seventy-four, having met by appointment, and walked over from the City Tavern

in a body. Forty-four men were present—not a large gathering, but they had come hundreds of miles, and several of them had been months on the journey.

They were a sturdy lot; and madam! I think it would have been worth while to have looked in upon them. There were several coonskin caps in evidence; also lace and frills and velvet brought from England—but plainness to severity was the rule. Few of these men had ever been away from their own Colonies before, few had ever met any members of the Congress save their own colleagues. They represented civilizations of very different degrees. Each stood a bit in awe of all the rest. Several of the Colonies had been in conflict with the others.

Meeting new men in those days, when even the stage-coach was a passing show worth going miles to see, was an event. There was awkwardness and nervousness on the swarthy faces; firm mouths twitched, and big, bony hands sought for places of concealment.

The meeting had been called for September First, but was postponed for five days awaiting the arrival of belated delegates who had been detained by floods. Even then, delegates from North Carolina had not arrived, and Georgia not having thought it worth while to send any, eleven Colonies only were represented. Each delegation naturally kept together, as men will who have a fighting history and a pioneer ancestry ✠ It was a serious, solemn business, and these men were

not given to levity in any event. When they were seated, there was a moment of silence so tense it could be heard. Every chance movement of a foot on the uncarpeted floor sent an echo through the room.

The stillness was first broken by Mr. Lynch, of South Carolina, who arose and in a low, clear voice said: "There is a gentleman present who has presided with great dignity over a very respectable body and greatly to the advantage of America. Gentlemen, I move that the Honorable Peyton Randolph, one of the delegates from Virginia, be appointed to preside over this meeting. I doubt not it will be unanimous."

It was so; and a large man in powdered wig and scarlet coat arose, and, carrying his gold-headed cane before him like a mace, walked to the platform without apology.

The New Englanders in homespun looked at one another with trepidation on their features. The red coat was not assuring, but they kept their peace and breathed hard, praying that the enemy had not captured the convention through strategy. Mr. Randolph's first suggestion was not revolutionary; it was that a secretary be appointed.

Again Mr. Lynch arose and named Charles Thomson, "a gentleman of family, fortune and character." This testimonial of family and fortune was not assuring to the plain Massachusetts men, but they said nothing and awaited developments.

All were cautious as woodsmen, and the motion that the Council be held behind closed doors was adopted. Every member then held up his right hand and made a solemn promise to divulge no part of the transactions; and Galloway, of Pennsylvania, promised with the rest, and straightway each night informed the enemy of every move.

Little was done that first day but get acquainted by talking very cautiously and very politely. The next day a notable member had arrived, and in a front seat sat Richard Henry Lee, a man you would turn and look at in any company. Slender and dark, with a brilliant eye and a profile—and only one man in ten thousand has a profile—Lee was a gracious presence. His voice was gentle and flexible and luring, and there was a dignity and poise in his manner that made him easily the foremost orator of his time.

Near him sat William Livingston, of New Jersey, and John Jay, his son-in-law, the youngest man in the Congress, with a nose that denoted character, and all his fame in the future.

The Pennsylvanians were all together, grouped on one side. Duane, of New York, sat near them, "shy and squint-eyed, very sensible and very artful," wrote John Adams that night in his diary.

Then over there sat Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina, who had preached independence for full ten years before this, and who, when he heard that the

British soldiers had taken Boston, proposed to raise a troop at once and fight redcoats wherever found.

"But the British will burn our seaport towns if we antagonize them," some timid soul explained.

"Our towns are built of brick and wood; if they are burned we can rebuild them; but liberty once gone is gone forever," he retorted. And the saying sounds well, even if it will not stand analysis.

Back near the wall was a man who, when the assembly stood at morning prayers, showed a half-head above his neighbors. His face was broad, and he, too, had a profile. His mouth was tightly closed, and during the first fourteen days of that Congress he never opened it to utter a word, and after his long quiet he broke the silence by saying, "Mr. President, I second the motion." Once, in a passionate speech, Lynch turned to him and pointing his finger said: "There is a man who has not spoken here, but in the Virginia Assembly he made the most eloquent speech I ever heard. He said, 'I will raise a thousand men, and arm and subsist them at my expense and march them to the relief of Boston.'" And then did the tall man, whose name was George Washington, blush like a schoolgirl.

But in all that company the men most noticed were the five members from Massachusetts. They were Bowdoin, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Cushing and Robert Treat Paine. Massachusetts had thus far taken the lead in the struggle with England. A British army was

encamped upon her soil, her chief city besieged—the port closed. Her sufferings had called this Congress into being, and to her delegates the members had come to listen. All recognized Samuel Adams as the chief man of the Convention. His hand wrote the invitations and earnest requests to come. Galloway, writing to his friends, the enemy, said: "Samuel Adams eats little, drinks little, sleeps little and thinks much. He is most decisive and indefatigable in the pursuit of his object. He is the man who, by his superior application, manages at once the faction in Philadelphia and the factions of New England."

Yet Samuel Adams talked little at the Convention. He allowed John Adams to state the case, but sat next to him supplying memoranda, occasionally arising to make remarks or explanations in a purely conversational tone. But so earnest and impressive was his manner, so ably did he answer every argument and reply to every objection, that he thoroughly convinced a tall, angular, homely man by the name of Patrick Henry of the righteousness of his cause. Patrick Henry was pretty thoroughly convinced before, but the recital of Boston's case fired the Virginian, and he made the first and only real speech of the Congress. In burning words he pictured all the Colonies had suffered and endured, and by his matchless eloquence told in prophetic words of the glories yet to be. In his speech he paid just tribute to the genius of Samuel Adams, declaring that the good

that was to come from this " first of an unending succession of Congresses " was owing to the work of Adams. And in after-years Adams repaid the compliment by saying that if it had not been for the cementing power of Patrick Henry's eloquence, that first Congress probably would have ended in a futile wrangle.

The South regarded, in great degree, the fight in Boston as Massachusetts' own. To make the entire thirteen Colonies adopt the quarrel and back the Colonial army in the vicinity of Boston was the only way to make the issue a success, and to unite the factions by choosing for a leader a Virginian aristocrat was a crowning stroke of diplomacy.

John Hancock had succeeded Randolph as president of the second Congress, and Virginia was inclined to be lukewarm, when John Adams in an impassioned speech nominated Colonel George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army. The nomination was seconded very quietly by Samuel Adams. It was a vote, and the South was committed to the cause of backing up Washington, and, incidentally, New England. The entire plan was probably the work of Samuel Adams, yet he gave the credit to John, while the credit of stoutly opposing it goes to John Hancock, who, being presiding officer, worked at a disadvantage.

But Adams had a way of reducing opposition to the minimum. He kept out of sight and furthered his ends by pushing this man or that to the front at the right

time to make the plea. He was a master in that fine art of managing men and never letting them know they are managed. By keeping behind the arras, he accomplished purposes that a leader never can who allows his personality to be in continual evidence, for personality repels as well as attracts, and the man too much before the public is sure to be undone eventually. Adams knew that the power of Pericles lay largely in the fact that he was never seen upon but a single street of Athens, and that but once a year.

The complete writings of Adams have recently been collected and published. One marvels that such valuable material has not before been printed and given to the public, for the literary style and perspicuity shown are most inspiring, and the value of the data can not be gainsaid

No one ever accused Adams of being a muddy thinker; you grant his premises and you are bound to accept his conclusions. He leaves no loopholes for escape.

The following words, used by Chatham, refer to documents in which Adams took a prominent part in preparing: " When your Lordships look at the papers transmitted us from America, when you consider their decency, firmness and wisdom, you can not but respect their cause and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must avow that, in all my reading—and I have read Thucydides and have studied and admired the master statesmen of the world—for solidity of reason, force of

sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion under a complication of difficult circumstances, no body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress of Philadelphia. The histories of Greece and Rome give us nothing like it, and all attempts to impress servitude on such a mighty continental people must be in vain."

In the life of Adams there was no soft sentiment nor romantic vagaries. "He is a Puritan in all the word implies, and the unbending fanatic of independence," wrote Gage, and the description fits.

He was twice married. Our knowledge of his first wife is very slight, but his second wife, Elizabeth Wells, daughter of an English merchant, was a capable woman of brave good sense. She adopted her husband's political views and with true womanly devotion let her old kinsmen slide; and during the dark hours of the war bore deprivation without repining.

Adams' home life was simple to the verge of hardship. All through life he was on the ragged edge financially, and in his latter years he was for the first time relieved from pressing obligations by an afflicting event—the death of his only son, who was a surgeon in Washington's army. The money paid to the son by the Government for his services gave the father the only financial competency he ever knew. Two daughters survived him, but with him died the name.

John Adams survived Samuel for twenty-three years. He lived to see "the great American experiment," as

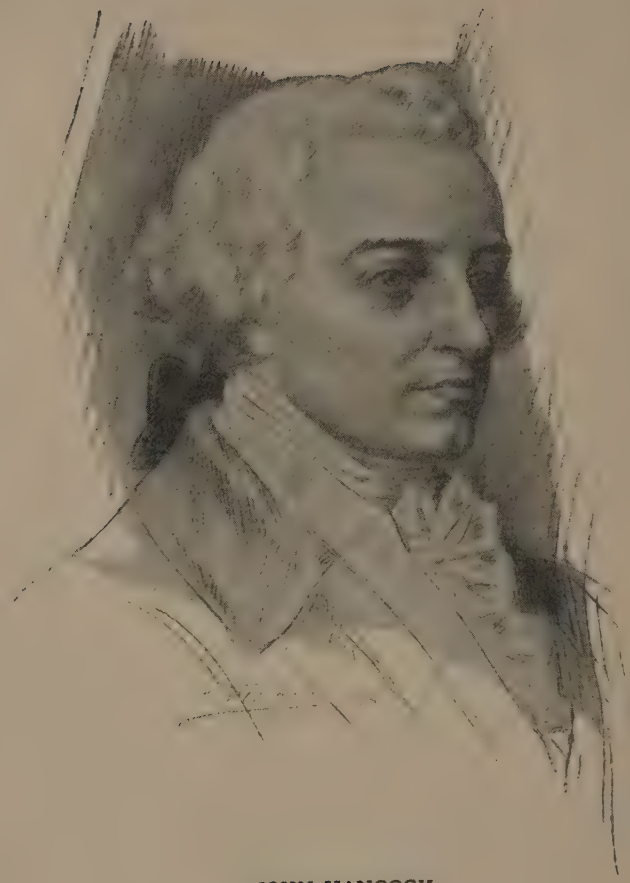
SAMUEL ADAMS

Mr. Ruskin has been pleased to call our country, on a firm basis, constantly growing stronger and stronger. He lived to realize that the sanguine prophecies made by Samuel were working themselves out in very truth.

The grave of Samuel Adams is viewed by more people than that of any other American patriot. In the old Granary Burying-Ground, in the very center of Boston, on Tremont Street—there where travel congests, and two living streams meet all day long—you look through the iron fence, so slender that it scarce impedes the view, and not twenty feet from the curb is a simple metal disk set on an iron rod driven into the ground and on it this inscription: "This marks the grave of Samuel Adams."

For many years the grave was unmarked, and the disk that now denotes it was only recently placed in position by the Sons of the American Revolution. But the place of Samuel Adams on the pages of history is secure. Upon the times in which he lived he exercised a profound influence. And he who influences the times in which he lives has influenced all the times that come after; he has left his impress on eternity.

JOHN HANCOCK



JOHN HANCOCK

Boston, Sept. 30, 1765

Gent:

Since my last I have receiv'd your favour by Capt Hulme who is arriv'd here with the most disagreeable Commodity (say Stamps) that were imported into this Country & what if carry'd into Execution will entirely Stagnate Trade here, for it is universally determined here never to Submitt to it and the principal merchts here will by no means carry on Business under a Stamp, we are in the utmost Confusion here and shall be more so after the first of November & nothing but the repeal of the act will righten, the Consequence of its taking place here will be bad, & attended with many troubles, & I believe may say more fatal to you than us. I dread the Event.

—*Extract From Hancock's Letter-Book*

JOHN HANCOCK

ONG years ago when society was young, learning was centered in one man in each community, and that man was the priest. It was the priest who was sent for in every emergency of life. He taught the young, prescribed for the sick, advised those who were in trouble, and when human help was vain and man had done his all, this priest knelt at the bedside of the dying and invoked a Power with whom it was believed he had influence ❧ The so-called learned professions are only another example of the Division of Labor. We usually say there are three learned professions: Theology, Medicine and Law. As to which is the greatest is a much-mooted question and has caused too many family feuds for me to attempt to decide it. And so I evade the issue and say there is a fourth profession, that is only allowed to be called so by grace, but which in my mind is greater than them all—the profession of Teacher. I can conceive of a condition of society so high and excellent that it has no use for either doctor, lawyer or preacher, but the teacher would still be needed. Ignorance and sin supply the three " learned professions " their excuse for being, but the teacher's work is to develop the germ of wisdom that is in every soul.

And now each of these professions has divided up, like monads, into many heads. In medicine, we have as many specialists as there are organs of the body. The lawyer who advises you in a copyright or patent cause knows nothing about admiralty; and as they tell us a man who pleads his own case has a fool for a client, so does the insurance lawyer who is retained to foreclose a mortgage. In all prosperous city churches, the preacher who attracts the crowd in the morning allows a 'prentice to preach to the young folks in the evening; he does not make pastoral calls; and the curate who reads the service at funerals is never called upon to perform a marriage ceremony except in a case of charity. Likewise the teacher's profession has its specialists: the man who teaches Greek well can not write good English; the man who teaches composition is baffled and perplexed by long division; and the teacher who delights in trigonometry pooh-poohs a kindergartner.

Just where this evolutionary dividing and subdividing of social cells will land the race no man can say; but that a specialist is a dangerous man, is sure. He is a buzz-saw with which wise men never monkey. A surgeon who has operated for appendicitis five times successfully is above all to be avoided. I once knew a man with lung trouble who inadvertently strayed into an oculist's and was looked over and sent away with an order on an optician. And should you through error stray into the office of a nose and throat specialist, and ask him to

treat you for varicose veins, he would probably do so by nasal douche.

Even now a specialist in theology will lead us, if he can, a merry " ignis-fatuus " chase and land us in a morass. The only thing that saved the priest in days agone was the fact that he had so many duties to perform that he exercised all his mental muscles, and thus attained a degree of all-roundness which is not possible to the specialist. Even then there were not lacking men who found time to devote to specialties: Bishop Georgius Ambrosius, for instance, who in the Fifteenth Century produced a learned work proving that women have no souls. And a like book was written at Nashville, Tennessee, in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-nine, by the Reverend Hubert Parsons of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South), showing that negroes were in a like predicament. But a more notable instance of the danger of a specialty is the Reverend Cotton Mather, who investigated the subject of witchcraft and issued a modest brochure incorporating his views on the subject. He succeeded in convincing at least one man of its verity, and that man was himself, and thus immortality was given to the town of Salem, which, otherwise, would have no claim on us for remembrance, save that Hawthorne was once a clerk in its custom-house.

A very slight study of Colonial history will show any student that, for two centuries, the ministers in New England occupied very much the same position in

society that the priest did during the Middle Ages. As the monks kept learning from dying off the face of the earth, so did the ministers of the New World preserve culture from passing into forgetfulness. Very seldom, indeed, were books to be found in a community except at the minister's. And during the Seventeenth Century, and well into the Eighteenth, he combined in himself the offices of doctor, lawyer, preacher and teacher. Mr. Lowell has said: " I can not remember when there was not one or more students in my father's household, and others still who came at regular intervals to recite. And this was the usual custom. It was the minister who fitted boys for college, and no youth was ever sent away to school until he had been drilled by the local clergyman." ☙ ☙

And it must further be noted that genealogical tables show that very nearly all of the eminent men of New England were sons of ministers, or of an ancestry where ministers' names are seen at frequent intervals. As an intellectual and moral force, the minister has now but a rudiment of the power he once exercised. The tendency to specialize all art and all knowledge has to a degree shorn him of his strength. And to such an extent is this true, that within forty years it has passed into a common proverb that the sons of clergymen are rascals, whereas in Colonial days the highest recommendation a youth could carry was that he was the son of a minister.

¶ The Reverend John Hancock, grandfather of John

Hancock the patriot, was for more than half a century the minister of Lexington, Massachusetts. I say "the minister," because there was only one: the keen competition of sect that establishes half a dozen preachers in a small community is a very modern innovation.

John Hancock, "Bishop of Lexington," was a man of pronounced personality, as is plainly seen in his portrait in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. They say he ruled the town with a rod of iron; and when the young men, who adorned the front steps of the meetinghouse during service, grew disorderly, he stopped in his prayer, and going outside soundly cuffed the ears of the first delinquent he could lay hands upon. In his clay there was a dash of facetiousness that saved him from excess, supplying a useful check to his zeal—for zeal uncurbed is very bad. He was a wise and beneficent dictator; and government under such a one can not be improved upon. His manner was gracious, frank and open, and such was the specific gravity of his nature that his words carried weight, and his wish was sufficient.

The house where this fine old autocrat lived and reigned is standing in Lexington now. When you walk out through Cambridge and Arlington on your way to Concord, following the road the British took on their way out to Concord, you will pass by it. It is a good place to stop and rest. You will know the place by the tablet in front, on which is the legend: "Here John Hancock and Samuel Adams were sleeping on the night

of the Eighteenth of April, Seventeen Hundred Seventy-five, when aroused by Paul Revere."

The Reverend Jonas Clark owned the house after the Reverend John Hancock, and the ministries of those two men, and their occupancy of the house, cover one hundred years and five years more. Here the thirteen children of Jonas Clark were born, and all lived to be old men and women. When you call there I hope you will be treated with the same gentle courtesy that I met. If you delay not your visit too long, you will see a fine, motherly woman, with white "sausage curls" and a high back-comb, wearing a check dress and felt slippers, and she will tell you that she is over eighty, and that when her mother was a little girl she once sat on Governor Hancock's knee and he showed her the works in his watch.

And then as you go away you will think again of what the old lady has just told you, and as you look back for a parting glance at the house, standing firm and solemn in its rusty-gray dignity, you will doff your hat to it, and mayhap murmur: The days of man on earth—they are but as a passing shadow!

"Here John Hancock and Samuel Adams were sleeping when aroused by Paul Revere!" Merchant-prince and agitator, horse and rider—where are you now? And is your sleep disturbed by dreams of British redcoats or hissing flintlocks? Phantom British warships may lie at their moorings, swinging wide on the

unforgetting tide, lanterns may hang high in the belfry of the Old North Church tower, hurried knocks and calls of defiance and hoof-beats of fast-galloping steed may echo and echo again, borne on the night-wind of the dim Past, but you heed them not!

JOHN HANCOCK

THE Reverend John Hancock of Lexington had two sons. John Hancock (Number Two) became pastor of the church of the North Precinct of the town of Braintree, which afterwards was to be the town of Quincy.

The nearest neighbor to the village preacher was John Adams, shoemaker and farmer. Each Sunday in the amen corner of the Reverend John Hancock's meeting-house was mustered the well washed and combed brood of Mr. and Mrs. Adams. Now, this John Adams had a son whom the Reverend John Hancock baptized, also named John, two years older than John, the son of the preacher. And young John Adams and John Hancock (Number Three) used to fish and swim together, and go nutting, and set traps for squirrels, and help each other in fractions. And then they would climb trees, and wrestle, and sometimes fight. In the fights, they say, John Hancock used to get the better of his antagonist, but as an exploiter of fractions John Adams was more than his equal.

The parents of John Adams were industrious and savin' —the little farm prospered, for Boston supplied a goodly market, and weekly trips were made there in a one-horse cart, often piloted by young John, with the minister's boy for ballast. The Adams family had ambitions for their son John—he was to go to Harvard and be educated, and be a minister and preach at Braintree, or Weymouth, or perhaps even Boston!

In the meantime the Reverend John Hancock had died, and the widowed mother was not able to give her boy a college education—times were hard.

But the lad's uncle, Thomas Hancock, a prosperous merchant of Boston, took quite an interest in young John. And it occurred to him to adopt the fatherless boy, legally, as his own. The mother demurred, but after some months decided that it was best so, for when twenty-one he would be her boy just as much and as truly as if his uncle had not adopted him. And so the rich uncle took him, and rigged him out with a deal finer clothing than he had ever before worn, and sent him to the Latin School and afterward over to Cambridge, with silver jingling in his pocket.

Prosperity is a severe handicap to youth; not very many grown men can stand it; but beyond a needless display of velvet coats and frilled shirts, the young man stood the test, and got through Harvard. In point of scholarship he did not stand so high as John Adams; and between the lads there grew a small but well-defined gulf, as is but natural between homespun and broadcloth. Still the gulf was not impassable, for over it friendly favors were occasionally passed.

John Hancock's mother wanted him to be a preacher, but Uncle Thomas would not listen to it—the youth must be taught to be a merchant, so he could be the ready helper and then the successor of his foster-father.

¶ Graduating at the early age of seventeen, John

Hancock at once went to work in his uncle's counting-house in Boston. He was a fine, tall fellow with dash and spirit, and seemed to show considerable aptitude for the work. The business prospered, and Uncle Thomas was very proud of his handsome ward, who was quite in demand at parties and balls and in a general social way, while the uncle could not dance a minuet to save him

Not needing the young man very badly around the store, the uncle sent him to Europe to complete his education by travel. He went with the retiring Governor Pownal, whose taste for social enjoyment was very much in accord with his own. In England, he attended the funeral of George the Second, and saw the coronation of George the Third, little thinking the while that he would some day make violent efforts to snatch from that crown its brightest jewel.

When young Hancock was twenty-seven, the uncle died, and left to him his entire fortune of three hundred fifty thousand dollars. It made him one of the very richest men in the Colony—for at that time there was not a man in Massachusetts worth half a million dollars

The jingling silver in his pocket when sent to Harvard had severely tested his moral fiber, but this great fortune came near smothering all his native commonsense. If a man makes his money himself, he stands a certain chance of growing as the pile grows There is little doubt as to the soundness of Emerson's epigram, that

what you put into his chest you take out of the man. More than this, when a man gradually accumulates wealth, it attracts little attention, so the mob that follows the newly rich never really gets on to the scent. And besides that, the man who makes his own fortune always stands ready to repel boarders.

There may be young men of twenty-seven who are men grown, and no doubt every man of twenty-seven is very sure that he is one of these; but the thought that man is mortal never occurs to either men or women until they are past thirty. The blood is warm, conquest lies before, and to seize the world by the tail and snap its head off seems both easy and desirable.

The promoters, the flatterers and friends until then unknown flocked to Hancock and condoled with him on the death of his uncle. Some wanted small loans to tide over temporary emergencies, others had business ventures in hand whereby John Hancock could double his wealth very shortly. Still others spoke of wealth being a trust, and to use money to help your fellow-men, and thus to secure the gratitude of many, was the proper thing.

The unselfishness of the latter suggestion appealed to Hancock. To be the friend of humanity, to assist others —this is the highest ambition to which a man can aspire! And, of course, if one is pointed out on the street as the good Mr. Hancock it can not be helped. It is the penalty of well-doing.

So in order to give work to many and to promote the interests of Boston, a thriving city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, for all good men wish to build up the place in which they live, John Hancock was induced to embark in shipbuilding. He also owned several ships of his own which traded with London and the West Indies, and was part owner of others. But he publicly explained that he did not care to make money for himself—his desire was to give employment to the worthy poor and to enhance the good of Boston.

The aristocratic company of militia, known as the Governor's Guard, had been fitted out with new uniforms and arms by the generous Hancock, and he had been chosen commanding officer, with rank of Colonel. He drilled with the crack company and studied the manual much more diligently than he ever had his Bible

Hancock lived in the mansion, inherited from his uncle, on Beacon Street, facing the Common. There was a chariot and six horses for state occasions, much fine furniture from over the sea, elegant clothes that the Puritans called "gaudy apparel," and at the dinners the wine flowed freely, and cards, dancing and music filled many a night.

The Puritan neighbors were shocked, and held up their hands in horror to think that the son of a minister should so affront the staid and sober customs of his ancestors. Still others said, "Why, that 's what a rich

man should do—spend his money, of course; Hancock is the benefactor of his kind; just see how many people he employs!"

The town was all agog, and Hancock was easily Boston's first citizen, but in his time of prosperity he did not forget his old friends. He sent for them to come and make merry with him; and among the first in his good offices was John Adams, the rising young lawyer of Braintree

John Adams had found clients scarce, and those he had, poor pay, but when he became the trusted legal adviser of John Hancock, things took a turn and prosperity came that way. The wine and cards and dinners had n't much attraction for him, but still there were no conscientious scruples in the way. He patted John Hancock on the back, assured him that he was the people, looked after his interests loyally, and extracted goodly fees for services performed.

At the home of Adams at Braintree, Hancock had met a quiet, taciturn individual by the name of Samuel Adams. This man he had long known in a casual way, but had never been able really to make his acquaintance. He was fifteen years older than Hancock, and by his quiet dignity and self-possession made quite an impression on the young man.

So, now that prosperity had smiled, Hancock invited him to his house, but the quiet man was an ascetic and neither played cards, drank wine nor danced, and so

declined with thanks. ¶ But not long after, he requested a small loan from the merchant-prince, and asked it as though it were his right, and so he got it. His manner was in such opposition to the flatterers and those who crawled, and whined, and begged, that Hancock was pleased with the man. Samuel Adams had declined Hancock's social favors, and yet, in asking for a loan, showed his friendliness.

Samuel Adams was a politician, and had long taken an active part in the town meetings. In fact, to get a measure through, it was well to have Samuel Adams at your side. He was clear-headed, astute, and knew the human heart. Yet he talked but little, and the convivial ways of the small politician were far from him; but in the fine art that can manage men and never let them know they are managed he was a past-master. Tucked in his sleeve, no doubt, was a degree of pride in his power, but the stoic quality in his nature never allowed him to break into laughter when he considered how he led men by the nose.

In Boston and its vicinity, Samuel Adams was not highly regarded, and outside of Boston, at forty years of age, he was positively unknown. The neighbors regarded him as a harmless fanatic, sane on most subjects, but possessed of a buzzing bee in his bonnet to the effect that the Colonies should be separated from their protector, England. Samuel Adams neglected his business and kept up a fusillade of articles in the

newspapers, on various political subjects, and men who do this are regarded everywhere as "queer." A professional newspaper-writer never takes his calling seriously —it is business. He writes to please his employer, or if he owns the paper himself, he still writes to please his employer, that is to say, the public. Journalism, thy name is pander!

The man who comes up the stairway furtively, with a manuscript he wants printed, is in dead earnest; and he has excited the ridicule, wrath or pity of editors for three hundred years. Such a one was Samuel Adams. His wife did her own work, and the grocer with bills in his hand often grew red in the face and knocked in vain.

¶ And yet the keen intellect of Samuel Adams was not a thing to smile at. Any one who stood before him, face to face, felt the power of the man, and acknowledged it then and there, as we always do when we stand in the presence of a strong individuality. And this inward acknowledgment of worth was instinctively made by John Hancock, the biggest man in all Boston town ☙ John Hancock, through his genial, glowing personality, and his lavish spending of money, was very popular. He was being fed on flattery, and the more a man gets of flattery, once the taste is acquired, the more he craves. It is like the mad thirst for liquor, or the Romeike habit.

¶ John Hancock was getting attention, and he wanted more. He had been chosen selectman to fill the place that his uncle had occupied, and when Samuel Adams

incidentally dropped a remark that good men were needed in the General Court, John Hancock agreed with him. He was named for the office and with Samuel Adams' help was easily elected.

Not long after this, the sloop " Liberty " was seized by the government officials for violation of the revenue laws. The craft was owned by John Hancock and had surreptitiously landed a cargo of wine without paying duty

When the ship of Boston's chief citizen was seized by the bumptious, gilt-braided British officials, there was a merry uproar. All the men in the shipyards quit work, and the Calkers' Club, of which Samuel Adams was secretary, passed hot resolutions and revolutionary preambles and eulogies of John Hancock, who was doing so much for Boston.

In fact, there was a riot, and three regiments of British troops were ordered to Boston.

And this was the very first step on the part of England to enforce her authority, by arms, in America.

The troops were in the town to preserve order, but the mob would not disperse. Upon the soldiers, they heaped every indignity and insult. They dared them to shoot, and with clubs and stones drove the soldiers before them. At last the troops made a stand and in order to save themselves from absolute rout fired a volley. Five men fell dead—and the mob dispersed.

This was the so-called Boston massacre.

Pinkerton guards would blush at bagging so small a game with a volley. They have done better again and again at Pittsburgh, Pottsville and Chicago.

The riot was quelled, and out of the scrimmage various suits were instigated by the Crown against John Hancock, in the Court of Admiralty. The claims against him amounted to over three hundred thousand dollars, and the charge was that he had long been evading the revenue laws. John Adams was his attorney, with Samuel Adams as counsel, and vigorous efforts for prosecution and defense were being made.

If the Crown were successful the suits would confiscate the entire Hancock estate—matters were getting in a serious way. Witnesses were summoned, but the trial was staved off from time to time.

Hancock had refused to follow Samuel Adams' lead in the controversy with Governor Hutchinson as to the right to convene the General Court. The report was that John Hancock was growing lukewarm and siding with the Tories. A year had passed since the massacre had occurred, and the agitators proposed to commemorate the day.

Colonel Hancock had appeared in many prominent parts, but never as an orator.

"Why not show the town what you can do!" some one said

So John Hancock was invited to deliver the oration. He did so to an immense concourse. The address was

read from the written page. It overflowed with wisdom and patriotism; and the earnestness and eloquence of the well-rounded periods was the talk of the town ☙ The knowing ones went around corners and roared with laughter, but Samuel Adams said not a word. The charge was everywhere made by the captious and bickering that the speech was written by another, and that, moreover, John Hancock had not even a very firm hold on its import. It was the one speech of his life. Anyway, it so angered General Gage that he removed Colonel Hancock from his command of the cadets.

An order was out for Hancock's arrest, and he and Samuel Adams were in hiding.

The British troops marched out to Lexington to capture them, but Paul Revere was two hours ahead, and when the redcoats arrived the birds had flown.

Then came the expulsion of the British, the closing of all courts, the Admiralty included. The merchant-prince breathed easier, and that was the last of the Crown versus John Hancock.

THROUGHOUT the months that had gone before, when the Hancock mansion was gay with floral decorations, and servants in livery stood at the door with silver trays, and the dancing-hall was bright with mirth and music, Samuel Adams had quietly been working his Bureau of Correspondence to the end that the thirteen Colonies of America should come together in convention. Chief mover of the plan, and the one man in Massachusetts who was giving all his time to it, he dictated whom Massachusetts should send as delegates. This delegation, as we know, included John Hancock, John Adams and Samuel Adams himself.

From the danger of Lexington, Hancock and Adams made their way to Philadelphia to attend the Second Congress

At that time the rich men of New England were hurriedly making their way into the English fold. Some thought that the mother country had been harsh, but still, England had only acted within her right, and she was well able to back up this authority. She had regiment upon regiment of trained fighting men, warships, and money to build more. The Colonies had no army, no ships, no capital.

Only those who have nothing to lose can afford to resist lawful authority—back into the fold they went, penitent and under their breath cursing the bull-headed men who insisted on plunging the country into red war

Out in the cold world stood John Hancock, alone, save for Bowdoin, among the aristocrats of New England. The British would confiscate his property, his splendid house—all would be gone!

"It will all be gone, anyway," calmly suggested Samuel Adams. "You know those suits against you in the Admiralty Court?"

"Yes, yes!"

"And if we can unite these thirteen Colonies an army can be raised, and we can separate ourselves entire, in which case there will be glory for somebody."

John Hancock, the rich, the ambitious, the pleasure-loving, had burned his bridges. He was in the hands of Samuel Adams, and his infamy was one with this man who was a professional agitator, and who had nothing to lose

General Gage had made an offer of pardon to all—all, save two men: Samuel Adams and John Hancock. Back into the fold tumbled the Tories, but against John Hancock the gates were barred. John Adams, Attorney of the Hancock estate, rubbed his chin, and decided to stand by the ship—sink or swim, survive or perish

Down in his heart Samuel Adams grimly smiled, but on his cold, pale face there was no sign.

The British held Boston secure, and in the splendid mansion of Hancock lived the rebel, Lord Percy, England's pet. The furniture, plate and keeping of the place were quite to his liking.

Hancock's ambitions grew as the days went by. The fight was on. His property was in the hands of the British, and a price was upon his head. He, too, now had nothing to lose. If England could be whipped he would get his property back, and the honors of victory would be his, beside.

Ambition grew apace; he studied the Manual of Arms as never before, and made himself familiar with the lives of Cæsar and Alexander. At Harvard, he had read the Anabasis on compulsion, but now he read it with zest.

¶ The Second Congress was a Congress of action; the first had been one merely of conference. A presiding officer was required, and Samuel Adams quietly pushed his man to the front. He let it be known that Hancock was the richest man in New England, perhaps in America, and a power in every emergency.

John Hancock was given the office of presiding officer, the place of honor.

The thought never occurred to him that the man on the floor is the man who acts, and the individual in the chair is only a referee, an onlooker of the contest. When a man is chosen to preside he is safely out of the way, and no one knew this better than that clear-headed man, wise as a serpent, Samuel Adams.

Hancock was intent on being chosen Commander of the Continental Army. The war was in Massachusetts, her principal port closed, all business at a standstill. Hancock was a soldier, and was, moreover, the chief

citizen of Massachusetts—the command should go to him. Samuel Adams knew this could never be.

To hold the Southern Colonies and give the cause a show of reason before the world, an aristocrat with something to lose, and without a personal grievance, must be chosen, and the man must be from the South. To get Hancock in a position where his mouth would be stopped, he was placed in the chair. It was a master move

Colonel George Washington was already a hero; he had fought valiantly for England. His hands were clean; while Hancock was openly called a smuggler. Washington was nominated by John Adams. The motion was seconded by Samuel Adams. Hancock turned first red and then deathly pale. He grasped the arms of his chair with both hands, and—put the question.

It was unanimous.

Hancock's fame seems to rest on the fact that he was presiding officer of the Congress that passed the Declaration of Independence, and therefore its first signer, and, without consideration for cost of ink and paper, wrote his name in poster letters. When you look upon the Declaration the first thing you see is the signature of John Hancock, and you recall his remark, "I guess King George can read that without spectacles." The whole action was melodramatic, and although a bold signature has ever been said to betoken a bold heart, it has yet to be demonstrated that boys who whistle

going through the woods are indifferent to danger. "Conscious weakness takes strong attitudes," says Delsarte. The strength of Hancock's signature was an affectation quite in keeping with his habit of riding about Boston in a coach-and-six, with outriders in uniform, and servants in livery.

When Hancock wrote to Washington asking for an appointment in the army, the wise and farseeing chief replied with gentle words of praise concerning Colonel Hancock's record, and wound up by saying that he regretted there was no place at his disposal worthy of Colonel Hancock's qualifications. Well did he know that Hancock was not quite patriot enough to fill a lowly rank.

The part that Hancock played in the eight years of war was inconspicuous. However, there was little spirit of revenge in his character: he sometimes scolded, but he did not hate. He never allowed personal animosities to make him waver in his loyalty to independence. In fact, with a price upon his head, but one course was open for him.

Just before Washington was inaugurated President, he visited Boston, and a curious struggle took place between him and Hancock, who was Governor. It was all a question of etiquette—which should make the first call. Each side played a waiting game, and at last Hancock's gout came in as an excellent excuse and the country was saved.

In one of his letters, Hancock says, " The entire Genteel portion of the town was invited to my House, while on the sidewalk I had a cask of Madeira for the Common People." His repeated re-election as Governor proves his popularity. Through lavish expenditure, his fortune was much reduced, and for many years he was sorely pressed for funds, his means being tied up in unproductive ways.

His last triumph, as Governor, was to send a special message to the Legislature, informing that body that " a company of Aliens and Foreigners have entered the State, and the Metropolis of Government, and under advertisements insulting to all Good Men and Ladies have been pleased to invite them to attend certain Stage-Plays, Interludes and Theatrical Entertainments under the Style and Appellation of Moral Lectures. . . . All of which must be put a stop to to once and the Rogues and Varlots punished."

A few days after this, " the Aliens and Foreigners " gave a presentation of Sheridan's " School for Scandal." In the midst of the performance the sheriff and a posse made a rush upon the stage and bagged all the offenders. ¶ When their trial came on, the next day, the " varlots and vagroms " had secured high legal talent to defend them, one of which counsel was Harrison Gray Otis. The actors were discharged on the slim technicality that the warrants of arrest had not been properly verified.

However, the theater was closed, but the " Common

People " made such an unseemly howl about " rights " and all that, that the Legislature made haste to repeal the law which provided that play-actors should be flogged ☙ ☙

Hancock defaulted in his stewardship as Treasurer of Harvard College, and only escaped arrest for embezzlement through the fact that he was Governor of the State, and no process could be served upon him. After his death his estate paid nine years' simple interest on his deficit, and ten years thereafter, the principal was paid ☙ ☙

His widow married Captain Scott, who was long in Hancock's employ as master of a brig; and we find the worthy captain proudly exclaiming, " I have embarked on the sea of Matrimony, and am now at the helm of the Hancock mansion! "

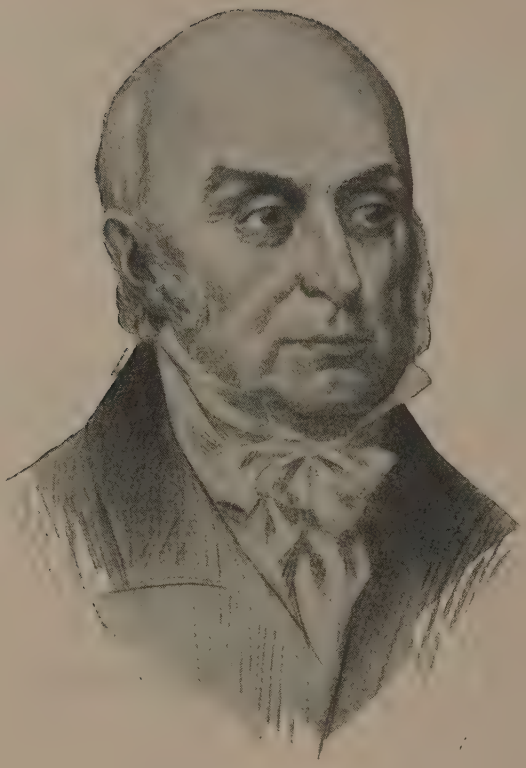
No biography of Governor Hancock has ever been written. The record of his life flutters only in newspaper paragraphs, letters, and chance mention in various diaries ☙ ☙

Hancock did not live to see John Adams President. Worn by worry, and grown old before his time, he died at the early age of fifty-six, of a combination of gout and that unplebeian complaint we now term Bright's Disease ☙ ☙

Thirty-three years after, hale old John Adams down at Quincy spoke of him as " a clever fellow, a bit spoiled by a legacy, whom I used to know in my younger days."

He left no descendants, and his heirs were too intent on being in at the death to care for his memory. They neither preserved the data of his life, nor over his grave placed a headstone. The monument that now marks his resting-place was recently erected by the State of Massachusetts. He was buried in the Old Granary Burying-Ground, on Tremont Street, and only a step from his grave sleeps his friend Samuel Adams.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

To the guidance of the legislative councils; to the assistance of the executive and subordinate departments; to the friendly co-operation of the respective State Governments; to the candid and liberal support of the people, so far as it may be deserved by honest industry and zeal, I shall look for whatever success may attend my public service; and knowing that " except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh in vain," with fervent supplications for His favor, to His overruling providence I commit, with humble but fearless confidence, my own fate and the future destinies of my country

—*Inaugural Address*

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

NINE miles south of Boston, just a little back from the escalloped shores of Old Ocean, lies the village of Braintree. It is on the Plymouth post-road, being one of that string of settlements, built a few miles apart for better protection, that lined the sea. Boston being crowded, and Plymouth full to overflowing, the home-seekers spread out north and south ✍ In Sixteen Hundred Twenty, when the first cabin was built at Braintree, land that was not in sight of the coast had actually no value. Back a mile, all was a howling wilderness, with trails made by wild beasts or savage men as wild. These paths led through tangles of fallen trees and tumbled rocks, beneath dark, overhanging pines where winter's snows melted not till midsummer, and the sun's rays were strange and alien. Men who sought to traverse these ways had to crouch and crawl or climb. Through them no horse or ox or beast of burden had carried its load ✍ ✍

But up from the sea the ground rose gradually for a mile, and along this slope that faced the tide, wind and storm had partly cleared the ground, and on the hillsides our forefathers made their homes. The houses were built facing either the east or the south. This

persistence to face either the sun or the sea shows a last, strange rudiment of paganism, making queer angles now that surveyors have come with Gunter's chain and transit, laying out streets and doing their work ☙ ☙

A mile out, north of Braintree, on the Boston road, came, in Sixteen Hundred Twenty-five, one Captain Wollaston, a merry wight, and thirty boon companions, all of whom probably left England for England's good. They were in search of gold and pelf, and all were agreed on one point: they were quite too good to do any hard work. Their camp was called Mount Wollaston, or the Merry Mount. Our gallant gentlemen cultivated the friendship of the Indians, in the hope that they would reveal the caves and caverns where the gold grew lush and nuggets cumbered the way; and the Indians, liking the drink they offered, brought them meal and corn and furs.

And so the thirty set up a Maypole, adorned with bucks' horns, and drank and feasted, and danced like fairies or furies, the livelong day or night. So scandalously did these exiled lords behave that good folks made a wide circuit 'round to avoid their camp.

Preaching had been in vain, and prayers for the conversion of the wretches remained unanswered. So the neighbors held a convention, and decided to send Captain Miles Standish with a posse to teach the merry men manners.

Standish appeared among the bacchanalians one morning, perfectly sober, and they were not. He arrested the captain, and bade the others begone. The leader was shipped back to England, with compliments and regrets, and the thirty scattered. This was the first move in that quarter in favor of local option.

Six years later, the land thereabouts was granted and apportioned out to the Reverend John Wilson, William Coddington, Edward Quinsey, James Penniman, Moses Payne and Francis Eliot.

And these men and their families built houses and founded "the North Precinct of the Town of Braintree."

Between the North Precinct and the South Precinct there was continual rivalry. Boys who were caught over the dead-line, which was marked by Deacon Penniman's house, had to fight. Thus things continued until Seventeen Hundred Ninety-two, when one John Adams was Vice-President of the United States. Now this John Adams, lawyer, was the son of John Adams, honest farmer and cordwainer, who had bought the Penniman homestead, and whose progenitor, Henry Adams, had moved there in Sixteen Hundred Thirty-six. John Adams, Vice-President, afterwards President, was born there in the Penniman house, and was regarded as a neutral, although he had been thrashed by boys both from the North and from the South Precinct. But at the last, there is no such thing as neutrality.

John Adams sided with the boys from the North Precinct, and now that he was in power it occurred to him, having had a little experience in the revolutionary line, that for the North Precinct to secede from the great town of Braintree would be but proper and right. ¶ The North Precinct had six stores that sold W. I. goods, and a tavern that sold W. E. T. goods, and it should have a post-office of its own.

So John Adams suggested the matter to Richard Cranch, who was his brother-in-law and near neighbor. Cranch agitated the matter, and the new town, which was the old, was incorporated. They called it Quincy, probably because Abigail, John's wife, insisted upon it. She had named her eldest boy Quincy, in honor of her grandfather, whose father's name was Quinsey, and who had relatives who spelled it De Quincey, one of which tribe was an opium-eater.

Now, when Abigail made a suggestion, John usually heeded it. For Abigail was as wise as she was good, and John well knew that his success in life had come largely from the help, counsel and inspiration vouchsafed to him by this splendid woman. And the man who will not let a woman have her way in all such small matters as naming of babies or towns is not much of a man.

So the town was named Quincy, and brother-in-law Cranch was appointed its first postmaster. Shortly after, the Boston "Centinel" contained a sarcastic article over the signature, "Old Subscriber," concerning

the distribution of official patronage among kinsmen, and the Eliots and the Everetts gossiped over their back fences. ¶ At this time Abigail lived in the cottage there on the Plymouth road, halfway between Braintree and Quincy, but she got her mail at Quincy.

The Adams cottage is there now, and the next time you are in Boston you had better go out and see it, just as June and I did one bright October day.

June has lived within an hour's ride of the Adams' home all her blessed thirty-two sunshiny summers; she also boasts a Mayflower ancestry, with, however, a slight infusion of Castle Garden, like myself, to give firmness of fiber—and yet she had never been to Quincy. ¶ The John and Abigail cottage was built in Seventeen Hundred Sixteen, so says a truthful brick found in the quaint old chimney. Deacon Penniman built this house for his son, and it faces the sea, although the older Penniman house faces the south. John Adams was born in the older house; but when he used to go to Weymouth every Wednesday and Saturday evening to see Abigail Smith, the minister's daughter, his father, the worthy shoemaker, told him that when he got married he could have the other house for himself. ¶ John was a bright young lawyer then, a graduate of Harvard, where he had been sent in hopes that he would become a minister, for one-half the students then at Harvard were embryo preachers. But John did not take to theology.

He had witnessed ecclesiastical tennis and theological pitch and toss in Braintree that had nearly split the town, and he decided on the law. One thing sure, he could not work: he was not strong enough for that—everybody said so. And right here seems a good place to call attention to the fact that weak men, like those who are threatened, live long. John Adams' letters to his wife reveal a very frequent reference to liver complaint, lung trouble, and that tired feeling, yet he lived to be ninety-two.

The Reverend Mr. Smith did not at first favor the idea of his daughter Abigail marrying John Adams. The Adams family were only farmers (and shoemakers when it rained), while the Smiths had aristocracy on their side. He said lawyers were men who got bad folks out of trouble and good folks in. But Abigail said that this lawyer was different; and as Mr. Smith saw it was a love-match, and such things being difficult to combat successfully, he decided he would do the next best thing—give the young couple his blessing. Yet the neighbors were quite scandalized to think that their pastor's daughter should hold converse over the gate with a lawyer, and they let the clergyman know it as neighbors then did, and sometimes do now. Then did the Reverend Mr. Smith announce that he would preach a sermon on the sin of meddling with other folk's business. As his text he took the passage from Luke, seventh chapter, thirty-third verse: " For John

came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say, he hath a devil."

The neighbors saw the point, for a short time before, when the eldest daughter, Mary, had married Richard Cranch (the man who was to achieve a post-office), the community had entered a protest, and the Reverend Mr. Smith had preached from Luke, tenth chapter, forty-second verse: " And Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." So there, now!

And John and Abigail were married one evening at early candlelight, in the church at Weymouth. The good father performed the ceremony, and nearly broke down during it, they say, and then he kissed both bride and groom.

The neighbors had repaired to the parsonage and were eating and drinking and making merry when John and Abigail slipped out by the back gate, and made their way, hand in hand, in the starlight, down the road that ran through the woods to Braintree. When near the village they cut across the pasture-lot and reached their cottage, which for several weeks they had been putting in order. John unlocked the front door, and they entered over the big, flat stone at the entry, and over which you may enter now, all sunken and worn by generations of men gone. Some whose feet have pressed that doorstep we count as the salt of the earth, for their names are written large on history's page. Washington

rode out there on horseback, and while his aide held his horse, he visited and drank mulled cider and ate doughnuts within. Hancock came often, and Otis, Samuel Adams and Loring used to enter without plying the knocker.

Through the earnest work of William G. Spear, the cottage has now been restored and fully furnished, as near like it was then as knowledge, fancy and imagination can devise.

When we reached Quincy we saw a benevolent-looking old Puritan, and June said, " Ask him! "

" Can you tell me where we can find Mr. Spear, the antiquarian? " I inquired.

" The which? " said the son of Priscilla Mullins.

" Mr. Spear, the antiquarian," I repeated.

" It 's not Bill Spear who keeps a secondhand-shop, you want, mebbe? "

" Yes; I think that is the man."

And so we were directed to the " secondhand-shop," which proved to be the rooms of the Quincy Historical Society. And there we saw such a wondrous collection of secondhand stuff that, as we looked and looked, and Mr. Spear explained, and gave large slices of Colonial history, June, who is a Daughter of the American Revolution, gushed a trifle more than was meet.

Nothing short of a hundred years will set the seal of value on an article for Mr. Spear, and one hundred fifty is more like it. On his walls are hats, caps, spurs,

boots and accouterments used in the Revolutionary War. Then there are candlesticks, snuffers, spectacles, butter-molds, bonnets, dresses, shoes, baby-stockings, cradles, rattles, aprons, butter-tubs made out of a solid piece, shovels to match, andirons, pokers, skillets and blue china galore.

" Bill Spear " himself is quite a curiosity. He traces a lineage to the well-known Lieutenant Seth Spear, of Revolutionary fame, and back of that to John Alden, who spoke for himself. The bark on the antiquarian is rather rough; and I regret to say that he makes use of a few words I can not find in the " Century Dictionary," but as June was not shocked I managed to stand it. On further acquaintance I concluded that Mr. Spear's bruskness was assumed, and that beneath the tough husk there beats a very tender heart. He is one of those queer fellows who do good by stealth and abuse you roundly if accused of it.

For twenty-five years Mr. Spear has been doing little else but studying Colonial history, and making love to old ladies who own clocks and skillets given them by their great-grandmammas. There is no doubt that Spear has dictated clauses in a hundred wills devising that William G. Spear, Custodian of the Quincy Historical Society, shall have snuffers and biscuit-molds.

At first, Mr. Spear collected for his own amusement and benefit, but the trouble grew upon him until it became chronic, and one fine day he realized that he was not

immortal, and when he should die, all his collection, which had taken years to accumulate, would be scattered. And so he founded the Quincy Historical Society, incorporated by a perpetual charter, with Charles Francis Adams, grandson of John Quincy Adams, as first president.

Then, the next thing was to secure the cottage where John and Abigail Adams began housekeeping, and where John Quincy was born. This house has been in the Adams family all these years and been rented to the firm of Tom, Dick and Harry, and any of their tribe who would agree to pay ten dollars a month for its use and abuse. Just across the road from the cottage lives a fine old soul by the name of John Crane. Mr. Crane is somewhere between seventy and a hundred years old, but he has a young heart, a face like Gladstone and a memory like a copy-book. Mr. Crane was on very good terms with John Quincy Adams, knew him well and had often seen him come here to collect rent. He told me that during his recollection the Adams place had been occupied by full forty families. But now, thanks to " Bill Spear," it is no longer for rent.

The house has been raised from the ground, new sills placed under it, and while every part—scantling, rafter, joist, crossbeam, lath and weatherboard—of the original house has been retained, it has been put in such order that it is no longer going to ruin.

From the ample stores of his various antiquarian

depositories Mr. Spear has refurnished it; and with a ripe knowledge and rare good taste and restraining imagination, the cottage is now shown to us as a Colonial farmhouse of the year Seventeen Hundred Fifty. The wonder to me is that Mr. Spear, being human, did not move his " secondhand-shop " down here and make of the place a curiosity-shop. But he has done better.

As you step across the doorsill and pass from the little entry into the " living-room," you pause and murmur, " Excuse me." For there is a fire on the hearth, the tea-kettle sings softly, and on the back of a chair hangs a sunbonnet. And over there on the table is an open Bible, and on the open page is a pair of spectacles and a red, crumpled handkerchief. Yes, the folks are at home: they have just stepped into the next room—perhaps are eating dinner. And so you sit down in an old hickory chair, or in the high settle that stands against the wall by the fireplace, and wait, expecting every moment that the kitchen-door will creak on its wooden hinges, and Abigail, smiling and gentle, will enter to greet you. Mr. Spear understands, and, disappearing, leaves you to your thoughts—and June's.

John and Abigail were lovers their lifetime through. Their published letters show a oneness of thought and sentiment that, viewed across the years, moves us to tears to think that such as they should at last feebly totter, and then turn to dust. But here they came in the joyous springtime of their lives; upon this floor you

tread the ways their feet have trod; these walls have echoed to their singing voices, listened to their counsels, and seen love's caress. ¶ There is no surplus furniture nor display nor setting forth of useless things. Every article you see has its use. The little shelf of books, well-thumbed, displays no "Trilby" nor "Quest of the Golden Girl"—not an anachronism anywhere. Curtains, chairs, tables, and the one or two pictures—all ring true. In the kitchen are washtubs and butter-ladles and bowls; and the lantern hanging by the chimney, with a dipped candle inside, has a carefully scraped horn face. It is a lanthorn. In the cupboard across the corner are blue china and pewter spoons and steel knives, with just a little polished-brass stuff sent from England. Down in the cellar, with its dirt walls, are apples, yellow pumpkins and potatoes—each in its proper place, for Abigail was a rare good housekeeper. Then there is a barrel of cider, with a hickory spigot and an inviting gourd. All tells of economy, thrift, industry and the cunning of woman's hands.

In the kitchen is a funny cradle, hooded, and cut out of a great pine log. The little mattress and the coverlet seem disturbed, and you would declare the baby had just been lifted out, and you listen for its cry. The rocker is worn by the feet of mothers whose hands were busy with needles or wheel as they rocked and sang. And from the fact that it is in the kitchen, you know that the servant-girl problem then had no terrors.

Overhead hang ears of corn, bunches of dried catnip, pennyroyal and boneset, and festooned across the corner are strings of dried apples. ¶ Then you go upstairs, with conscience pricking a bit for thus visiting the house of honest folks when they are away, for you know how all good housewives dislike to have people prying about, especially in the upper chambers—at least June said so!

The room to the right was Abigail's own. You would know it was a woman's room. There is a faint odor of lavender and thyme about it, and the white and blue draperies around the little mirror, and the little feminine nothings on the dresser, reveal the lady who would appear well before the man she loves.

The bed is a high, draped four-poster, plain and solid, evidently made by a ship-carpenter who had ambitions. The coverlet is light blue, and matches the draperies of windows, dresser and mirror. On the pillow is a nightcap, in which even a homely woman would be beautiful. ¶ There is a clothespress in the corner, into which Mr. Spear says we may look. On the door is a slippery-elm button, and within, hanging on wooden pegs, are dainty dresses; stiff, curiously embroidered gowns they are, that came from across the sea, sent, perhaps, by John Adams when he went to France, and left Abigail here to farm and sew and weave and teach the children. June examined the dresses carefully, and said the embroidery was handmade, and must have taken

months and months to complete. On a high shelf of the closet are bandboxes, in which are bonnets, astonishing bonnets, with prodigious flaring fronts. Mr. Spear insisted that June should try one on, and when she did we stood off and declared the effect was a vision of loveliness. Outside the clothespress, on a peg, hangs a linsey-woolsey every-day gown that shows marks of wear. The waist came just under June's arms, and the bottom of the dress to her shoe-tops ☙ We asked Mr. Spear the price of it, but the custodian is not commercial. In a corner of the room is a cedar chest containing hand-woven linen.

By the front window is a little, low desk, with a leaf that opens out for a writing-shelf. And here you see quill-pens, fresh nibbed, and ink in a curious well made from horn. Here it was that Abigail wrote those letters to her lover-husband when he attended those first and second Congresses in Philadelphia; and then when he was in France and England, those letters in which we see affection, loyalty, tales of babies with colic, brave, political good sense, and all those foolish trifles that go to fill up love-letters, and, at the last, are their divine essence and charm.

Here, she wrote the letter telling of going with their seven-year-old boy, John Quincy, to Penn's Hill to watch the burning of Charlestown; and saw the flashing of cannons and rising smoke that marked the battle of Bunker Hill. Here she wrote to her husband when he

was minister to England, " This little cottage has more comfort and satisfaction for you than the courts of royalty." ¶ But of all the letters written by that brave woman none reveals her true nobility better than the one written to her husband the day he became President of the United States. Here it is entire:

Quincy, 8 February, 1797

" The sun is dressed in brightest beams,
To give thy honors to the day."

" And may it prove an auspicious prelude to each ensuing season. You have this day to declare yourself head of a Nation. And now, O Lord, my God, Thou hast made Thy servant ruler over the people. Give unto him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad. For who is able to judge this Thy so great a people, were the words of a royal Sovereign; and not less applicable to him who is invested with the Chief Magistracy of a nation, though he wear not a crown, nor the robes of royalty.

" My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to Heaven are that the things which make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes. My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation upon the occasion ☙ They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts, and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to

yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of your

A. A."

It was in this room that Abigail waited while British soldiers ransacked the rooms below and made bullets of the best pewter spoons. Here her son who was to be President was born.

John Quincy Adams was six years old when his father kissed him good-by and rode away for Philadelphia with John Hancock and Samuel Adams (who rode a horse loaned him by John Adams). Abigail stood in the doorway holding the baby, and watched them disappear in the curve of the road. This was in August, Seventeen Hundred Seventy-four. Most of the rest of that year Abigail was alone with her babies on the little farm. It was the same next year, and in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, too, when John Adams wrote home that he had made the formal move for Independency and also nominated George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the army; and he hoped things would soon be better

Those were troublous times in which to live in the vicinity of Boston. There were straggling troops passing up and down the Plymouth road every day. Sometimes they were redcoats and sometimes buff and blue, but all seemed to be very hungry and extremely thirsty, and the Adams household received a great deal more

attention than it courted. The master of the house was away, but all seemed to know who lived there, and the callers were not always courteous.

In such a feverish atmosphere of unrest, children evolve quickly into men and women, and their faces take on the look of thought where should be only careless, happy, dimpled smiles. Yes, responsibility matures, and that is the way John Quincy Adams got cheated out of his childhood.

When eight years of age, his mother called him the little man of the house. The next year he was a post-rider, making a daily trip to Boston with letter-bags across his saddlebows.

When eleven years of age, his father came home to say that some one had to go to France to serve with Jay and Franklin in making a treaty.

"Go," said Abigail, "and God be with you!" But when it was suggested that John Quincy go, too, the parting did not seem so easy. But it was a fine opportunity for the boy to see the world of men, and the mother's head appreciated it even if her heart did not. And yet she had the heroism that is willing to remain behind

So father and son sailed away; and little John Quincy added postscripts to his father's letters and said, "I send my loving duty to my mamma."

The boy took kindly to foreign ways, as boys will, and the French language had no such terrors for him as it

had for his father. The first stay in Europe was only three months, and back they came on a leaky ship.

But the home-stay was even shorter than the stay abroad, and John Adams had again to cross the water on his country's business. Again the boy went with him. ¶ It was five years before the mother saw him. And then he had gone on alone from Paris to London to meet her. She did not know him, for he was nearly eighteen and a man grown. He had visited every country in Europe and been the helper and companion of statesmen and courtiers, and seen society in its various phases. He spoke several languages, and in point of polish and manly dignity was the peer of many of his elders. Mrs. Adams looked at him and then began to cry, whether for joy or for sorrow she did not know. Her boy had gone, escaped her, gone forever, but, instead, here was a tall young diplomat calling her "mother."

There was a career ahead for John Quincy Adams—his father knew it, his mother was sure of it, and John Quincy himself was not in doubt. He could then have gone right on, but his father was a Harvard man, and the New England superstition was strong in the Adams heart that success could only be achieved when based on a Harvard parchment.

So back to Massachusetts sailed John Quincy; and a two-year course at Harvard secured the much-desired diploma

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

From the very time he crawled over this kitchen-floor and pushed a chair, learning to walk, or tumbled down the stairs and then made his way bravely up again alone, he knew that he would arrive. Precocious, proud, firm, and with a coldness in his nature that was not a heritage from either his father or his mother, he made his way ☙ ☙

It was a zigzag course, and the way was strewn with the flotsam and jetsam of wrecked parties and blighted hopes, but out of the wreckage John Quincy Adams always appeared calm, poised and serene. When he opposed the purchase of Louisiana it looks as if he allowed his animosity for Jefferson to put his judgment in chancery. He made mistakes, but this was the only blunder of his career. The record of that life expressed in bold stands thus:

1767—Born May Eleventh.
1776—Post-rider between Boston and Quincy.
1778—At school in Paris.
1780—At school in Leyden.
1781—Private Secretary to Minister to Russia.
1787—Graduated at Harvard.
1794—Minister at The Hague.
1797—Married Louise Catherine Johnson, of Maryland ☙ ☙
1797—Minister at Berlin.
1802—Member of Massachusetts State Senate.
1803—United States Senator.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

1806—Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard

1809—Minister to Russia.

1811—Nominated and confirmed by Senate as Judge of Supreme Court of the United States; declined.

1814—Commissioner at Ghent to treat for peace with Great Britain.

1815—Minister to Great Britain.

1817—Secretary of State.

1825—Elected President of the United States.

1830—Elected a Member of Congress, and represented the district for seventeen years.

1848—Stricken with paralysis February Twenty-first in the Capitol, and died the second day after.

RE N'T we staying in this room a good while?" said June; "you have sat there staring out of that window looking at nothing for just ten minutes, and not a word have you spoken!"

Mr. Spear had disappeared into space, and so we made our way across the little hall to the room that belonged to Mr. Adams. It was in the disorder that men's rooms are apt to be. On the table were quill-pens and curious old papers with seals on them, and on one I saw the date, June Sixteenth, Seventeen Hundred Sixty-eight—the whole document written out in the hand of John Adams, beginning very prim and careful, then moving off into a hurried scrawl as spirit mastered the letter. There is a little hair-covered trunk in the corner, studded with brass nails, and boots and leggings and canes and a jackknife and a bootjack, and, on the window-sill, a friendly snuffbox. In the clothespress were buff trousers and an embroidered coat, and shoes with silver buckles, and several suits of every-day clothes, showing wear and patches.

On up to the garret we groped, and bumped our heads against the rafters. The light was dim, but we could make out more apples on strings, and roots and herbs in bunches hung from the peak. Here was a three-legged chair and a broken spinning-wheel, and the junk that is too valuable to throw away, yet not good enough to keep, but "some day may be needed."'

Down the narrow stairway we went, and in the little kitchen, Sammy, the artist, and Mr. Spear, the custodian, were busy at the fireplace preparing dinner. There is no stove in the house, and none is needed. The crane and brick oven and long-handled skillets suffice. Sammy is an expert camp-cook, and swears there is death in the chafing-dish, and grows profane if you mention one. His skill in turning flapjacks by a simple manipulation of the long-handled griddle means more to his true ego than the finest canvas.

June offered to set the table, but Sammy said she could never do it alone, so together they brought out the blue china dishes and the pewter plates. Then they drew water at the stone-curbed well with the great sweep, carrying the leather-baled bucket between them.

I was feeling quite useless and asked, "Can't I do something to help?"

"There is the lye-leach—you might bring out some ashes and make some soft soap," said June pointing to the ancient leach and soap-kettle in the yard, the joys of Mr. Spear's heart.

Sammy stood at the back door and pounded on the dishpan with a wooden spoon to announce that dinner was ready. It was quite a sumptuous meal: potatoes baked in the ashes, beans baked in the brick oven, coffee made on the hearth, fish cooked in the skillet, and pancakes made on a griddle with a handle three feet long.

Mr. Spear had aspirations toward an apple-pie and had made violent efforts in that direction, but the product being dough on top and charcoal on the bottom we declined the nomination with thanks.

June suggested that pies should be baked in an oven and not cooked on a pancake griddle. The custodian thought there might be something in it—a suggestion he would have scorned and scouted had it come from me

To change the rather painful subject, Mr. Spear began to talk about John and Abigail Adams, and to quote from their "Letters," a volume he seems to have by heart

"Do you know why their love was so very steadfast, and why they stimulated the mental and spiritual natures of each other so?" asked June.

"No, why was it?"

"Well, I 'll tell you: it was because they spent one-third of their married life apart."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and in this way they lived in an ideal world. In all their letters you see they are always counting the days ere they will meet. Now, people who are together all the time never write that way, because they do not feel that way—I 'll leave it to Mr. Spear!"

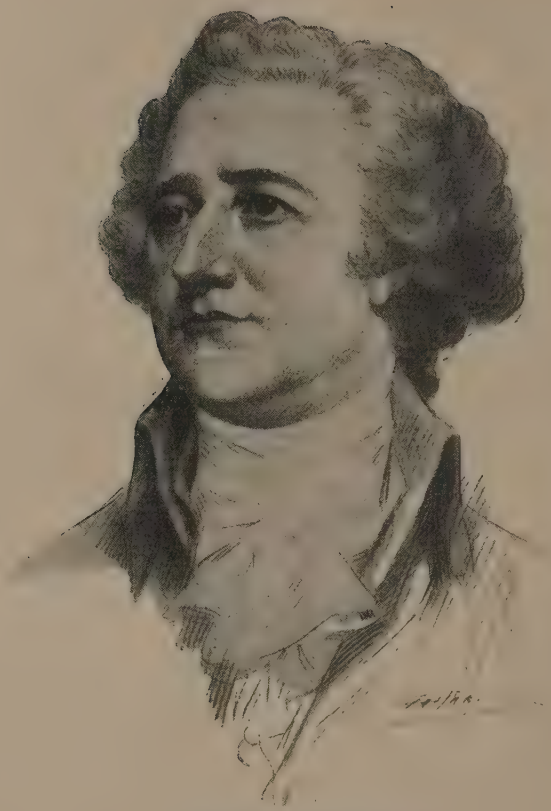
But Mr. Spear, being a bachelor, did not know. Then the case was referred to Sammy, and Sammy lied and said he had never considered the subject.

"And would you advise, then, that married couples live apart one-third of the time, in the interests of domestic peace?" I asked.

"Certainly!" said June, with her Burne-Jones chin in the air. "Certainly; but I fear you are the man who does not understand; and anyway I am sure it will be much more profitable for us to cultivate the receptive spirit and listen to Mr. Spear—such opportunities do not come very often. I did not mean to interrupt you, Mr. Spear; go on, please!"

And Mr. Spear filled a clay pipe with natural leaf that he crumbled in his hand, and deftly picking a coal from the fireplace with a shovel one hundred fifty years old, puffed five times silently, and began to talk.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON



ALEXANDER HAMILTON

The objects to be attained are: To justify and preserve the confidence of the most enlightened friends of good government; to promote the increasing respectability of the American name; to answer the calls of justice; to restore landed property to its due value; to furnish new sources both to agriculture and to commerce; to cement more closely the union of the States; to add to their security against foreign attack; to establish public order on the basis of an upright and liberal policy: these are the great and invaluable ends to be secured by a proper and adequate provision, at the present period, for the support of public credit.

—*Report to Congress*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

E do not know the name of the mother of Alexander Hamilton: we do not know the given name of his father. But from letters, a diary and pieced-out reports, allowing fancy to bridge from fact to fact, we get a patchwork history of the events preceding the birth of this wonderful man. ¶ Every strong man has had a splendid mother. Hamilton's mother was a woman of wit, beauty and education. While very young, through the machinations of her elders, she had been married to a man much older than herself—rich, wilful and dissipated. The man's name was Lavine, but his first name we do not know, so hidden were the times in a maze of obscurity. The young wife very soon discovered the depravity of this man whom she had vowed to love and obey; divorce was impossible; and rather than endure a lifelong existence of legalized shame, she packed up her scanty effects and sought to hide herself from society and kinsmen by going to the West Indies.

There she hoped to find employment as a governess in the family of one of the rich planters; or if this plan were not successful she would start a school on her own account, and thus benefit her kind and make for herself an honorable living. Arriving at the island of Nevis,

she found that the natives did not especially desire education, certainly not enough to pay for it, and there was no family requiring a governess. But a certain Scotch planter by the name of Hamilton, who was consulted, thought in time that a school could be built up, and he offered to meet the expense of it until such a time as it could be put on a paying basis. Unmarried women who accept friendly loans from men stand in dangerous places. With all good women, heart-whole gratitude and a friendship that seems unselfish ripen easily into love. They did so here. Perhaps, in a warm, ardent temperament, sore grief and biting disappointment and crouching want obscure the judgment and give a show of reason to actions that a colder intellect would disapprove.

On the frontiers of civilization man is greater than law—all ceremonies are looked upon lightly. In a few months Mrs. Lavine was called by the little world of Nevis, Mrs. Hamilton, and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton regarded themselves as man and wife.

The planter Hamilton was a hard-headed, busy individual, who was quite unable to sympathize with his wife's finer aspirations. Her first husband had been clever and dissipated; this one was worthy and dull. And thus deprived of congenial friendships, without books or art or that social home life which goes to make up a woman's world, and longing for the safety of close sympathy and tender love, with no one on whom her

intellect could strike a spark, she keenly felt the bitterness of exile.

In a city where society ebbs and flows, an intellectual woman married to a commerce-grubbing man is not especially to be pitied. She can find intellectual affinities that will ease the irksomeness of her situation. But to be cast on a desert isle with a being, no matter how good, who is incapable of feeling with you the eternal mystery of the encircling tides; who can only stare when you speak of the moaning lullaby of the restless sea; who knows not the glory of the sunrise, and feels no thrill when the breakers dash themselves into foam, or the moonlight dances on the phosphorescent waves—ah, that is indeed exile! Loneliness is not in being alone, for then ministering spirits come to soothe and bless—loneliness is to endure the presence of one who does not understand ☙ ☙

And so this finely organized, receptive, aspiring woman, through the exercise of a will that seemed masculine in its strength, found her feet mired in quicksand. She struggled to free herself, and every effort only sank her deeper. The relentless environment only held her with firmer clutch.

She thirsted for knowledge, for sweet music, for beauty, for sympathy, for attainment. She had a heart-hunger that none about her understood. She strove for better things. She prayed to God, but the heavens were as brass; she cried aloud, and the only answer was the

throbbing of her restless heart. ¶ In this condition, a son was born to her. They called his name Alexander Hamilton. This child was heir to all his mother's splendid ambitions. Her lack of opportunity was his blessing; for the stifled aspirations of her soul charged his being with a strong man's desires, and all the mother's silken, unswerving will was woven through his nature. He was to surmount obstacles that she could not overcome, and to tread under his feet difficulties that to her were invincible.

The prayer of her heart was answered, but not in the way she expected. God listened to her after all; for every earnest prayer has its answer, and not a sincere desire of the heart but somewhere will find its gratification ☙ But earth's buffets were too severe for the brave young woman; the forces in league against her were more than she could withstand, and before her boy was out of baby dresses she gave up the struggle, and went to her long rest, soothed only by the thought that, although she had sorely blundered, she yet had done her work as best she could.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

T his mother's death, we find Alexander Hamilton taken in charge by certain mystical kinsmen. Evidently he was well cared for, as he grew into a handsome, strong lad—small, to be sure, but finely formed. Where he learned to read, write and cipher we know not; he seems to have had one of those active, alert minds that can acquire knowledge on a barren island.

When nine years old, he signed his name as witness to a deed. The signature is needlessly large and bold, and written with careful schoolboy pains, but the writing shows the same characteristics that mark the thousand and one dispatches which we have, signed at bottom, " G. Washington."

At twelve years of age, he was clerk in a general store—one of those country stores where everything is kept, from ribbon to whisky. There were other helpers in the store, full grown; but when the proprietor went away for a few days into the interior, the dark, slim youngster took charge of the bookkeeping and the cash; and made such shrewd exchanges of merchandise for produce that when the " Old Man " returned, the lad was rewarded by two pats on the head and a raise in salary of one shilling a week.

About this time, the boy was also showing signs of literary skill by writing sundry poems and " compositions," and one of his efforts in this line describing a tropical hurricane was published in a London paper.

This opened the eyes of the mystical kinsmen to the fact that they had a genius among them, and the elder Hamilton was importuned for money to send the boy to Boston that he might receive a proper education and come back and own the store and be a magistrate and a great man. No doubt the lad pressed the issue, too, for his ambition had already begun to ferment, as we find him writing to a friend, " I 'll risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station."

Most great things in America have to take their rise in Boston; so it seems meet that Alexander Hamilton, aged fifteen, a British subject, should first set foot on American soil at Long Wharf, Boston. He took a ferry over to Cambridgeport and walked through the woods three miles to Harvard College. Possibly he did not remain because his training in a bookish way had not been sufficient for him to enter, and possibly he did not like the Puritanic visage of the old professor who greeted him on the threshold of Massachusetts Hall; at any rate, he soon made his way to New Haven. Yale suited him no better, and he took a boat for New York.

He had letters to several good clergymen in New York, and they proved wise and good counselors. The boy was advised to take a course at the Grammar School at Elizabethtown, New Jersey.

There he remained a year, applying himself most vigorously, and the next Fall he knocked at the gate of King's College. It is called Columbia now, because kings

in America went out of fashion, and all honors formerly paid to the king were turned over to Miss Columbia, Goddess of Freedom.

King's College swung wide its doors for the swarthy little West Indian. He was allowed to choose his own course, and every advantage of the university was offered him. In a university, you get just all you are able to hold—it depends upon yourself—and at the last all men who are made at all are self-made.

Hamilton improved each passing moment as it flew; with the help of a tutor he threw himself into his work, gathering up knowledge with the quick perception and eager alertness of one from whom the good things of earth have been withheld.

Yet he lived well and spent his money as if there were plenty more where it came from; but he was never dissipated nor wasteful.

This was in the year Seventeen Hundred Seventy-four, and the Colonies were in a state of political excitement. Young Hamilton's sympathies were all with the mother country. He looked upon the Americans, for the most part, as a rude, crude and barbaric people, who should be very grateful for the protection of such an all-powerful country as England. At his boarding-house and at school, he argued the question hotly, defending England's right to tax her dependencies.

One fine day, one of his schoolmates put the question to him flatly: "In case of war, on which side will you

fight?" Hamilton answered, "On the side of England." ☙ ☙

But by the next day he had reasoned it out that if England succeeded in suppressing the rising insurrection she would take all credit to herself; and if the Colonies succeeded there would be honors for those who did the work. Suddenly it came over him that there was such a thing as "the divine right of insurrection," and that there was no reason why men living in America should be taxed to support a government across the sea. The wealth produced in America should be used to develop America.

He was young, and burning with a lofty ambition. He knew, and had known all along, that he would some day be great and famous and powerful—here was the opportunity ☙ ☙

And so, next day, he announced at the boarding-house that the eloquence and logic of his messmates were too powerful to resist—he believed the Colonies and the messmates were in the right. Then several bottles were brought in, and success was drunk to all men who strove for liberty ☙ ☙

Patriotic sentiment is at the last self-interest; in fact, Herbert Spencer declares that there is no sane thought or rational act but has its root in egoism.

Shortly after the young man's conversion, there was a mass-meeting held in "The Fields," which meant the wilds of what is now the region of Twenty-third Street.

Young Hamilton stood in the crowd and heard the various speakers plead the cause of the Colonies, and urge that New York should stand firm with Massachusetts against the further encroachments and persecutions of England. There were many Tories in the crowd, for New York was with King George as against Massachusetts, and these Tories asked the speakers embarrassing questions that the speakers failed to answer. And all the time young Hamilton found himself nearer and nearer the platform. Finally, he undertook to reply to a talkative Tory, and some one shouted, "Give him the platform—the platform!" and in a moment this seventeen-year-old boy found himself facing two thousand people. There was hesitation and embarrassment, but the shouts of one of his college chums, "Give it to 'em! Give it to 'em!" filled in an awkward instant, and he began to speak. There was logic and lucidity of expression, and as he talked the air became charged with reasons, and all he had to do was to reach up and seize them.

His strong and passionate nature gave gravity to his sentences, and every quibbling objector found himself answered, and more than answered, and the speakers who were to present the case found this stripling doing the work so much better than they could, that they urged him on with applause and loud cries of "Bravo! Bravo!"

Immediately at the close of Hamilton's speech, the

chairman had the good sense to declare the meeting adjourned—thus shutting off all reply, as well as closing the mouths of the minnow orators who usually pop up to neutralize the impression that the strong man has made ☙ ☙

Hamilton's speech was the talk of the town. The leading Whigs sought him out and begged that he would write down his address so that they could print it as a pamphlet in reply to the Tory pamphleteers who were vigorously circulating their wares. The pens of ready writers were scarce in those days: men could argue, but to present a forcible written brief was another thing. So young Hamilton put his reasons on paper, and their success surprised the boys at the boarding-house, and the college chums and the professors, and probably himself as well. His name was on the lips of all Whigdom, and the Tories sent messengers to buy him off. ¶ But Congress was willing to pay its defenders, and money came from somewhere—not much, but all the young man needed. College was dropped; the political pot boiled; and the study of history, economics and statecraft filled the daylight hours to the brim and often ran over into the night.

The Winter of Seventeen Hundred Seventy-five passed away; the plot thickened. New York had reluctantly consented to be represented in Congress and agreed grumpily to join hands with the Colonies ☙ The redcoats had marched out to Concord—and back; and the

embattled farmers had stood and fired the shot "heard 'round the world."

Hamilton was working hard to bring New York over to an understanding that she must stand firm against English rule. He organized meetings, gave addresses, wrote letters, newspaper articles and pamphlets. Then he joined a military company and was perfecting himself in the science of war.

There were frequent outbreaks between Tory mobs and Whigs, and the breaking up of your opponents' meeting was looked upon as a pleasant pastime.

Then came the British ship "Asia" and opened fire on the town. This no doubt made Whigs of a good many Tories. Whig sentiment was on the increase; gangs of men marched through the streets and the king's stores were broken into, and prominent Royalists found their houses being threatened.

Doctor Cooper, President of King's College, had been very pronounced in his rebukes to Congress and the Colonies, and a mob made its way to his house. Arriving there, Hamilton and his chum Troup were found on the steps, determined to protect the place. Hamilton stepped forward, and in a strong speech urged that Doctor Cooper had merely expressed his own private views, which he had a right to do, and the house must not on any account be molested. While the parley was in progress, old Doctor Cooper himself appeared at one of the upper windows and excitedly cautioned the

crowd not to listen to that blatant young rapscallion Hamilton, as he was a rogue and a varlet and a vagrom. The good Doctor then slammed the window and escaped by the back way.

His remarks raised a laugh in which even young Hamilton joined, but his mistake was very natural in view of the fact that he only knew that Hamilton had deserted the college and espoused the devil's cause; and not having heard his remarks, but seeing him standing on his steps haranguing a crowd, thought surely he was endeavoring to work up mischief against his old preceptor, who had once plucked him in Greek.

It seems to have been the intention of his guardians that the limit of young Hamilton's stay in America was to be two years, and by that time his education would be " complete," and he would return to the West Indies and surprise the natives.

But his father, who supplied the money, and the mystical kinsmen who supplied advice, and the kind friends who had given him letters to the Presbyterian clergymen at New York and Princeton, had figured without their host. Young Hamilton knew all that Nevis had in store for him: he knew its littleness, its contumely and disgrace, and in the secret recesses of his own strong heart he had slipped the cable that held him to the past. No more remittances from home; no more solicitous advice; no more kind, loving letters—the past was dead ❧ For England he once had had an almost

idolatrous regard; to him she had once been the protector of his native land, the empress of the seas, the enlightener of mankind; but henceforth he was an American

He was to fight America's battles, to share in her victory, to help make of her a great Nation, and to weave his name into the web of her history so that as long as the United States of America shall be remembered, so long also shall be remembered the name of Alexander Hamilton.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

THAT General Washington called his "family" usually consisted of sixteen men. These were his aides, and more than that, his counselors and friends. In Washington's frequent use of that expression, "my family," there is a touch of affection that we do not expect to find in the tents of war. In rank, the staff ran the gamut from captain to general. Each man had his appointed work and made a daily report to his chief. When not in actual action, the family dined together daily, and the affair was conducted with considerable ceremony. Washington sat at the head of the table, large, handsome and dignified. At his right hand was seated the guest of honor, and there were usually several invited friends. At his left sat Alexander Hamilton, ready with quick pen to record the orders of his chief.

And methinks it would have been quite worth while to have had a place at that board, and looked down the table at "the strong, fine face, tinged with melancholy," of Washington; and the cheery, youthful faces of Lawrence, Tilghman, Lee, Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton and the others of that brave and handsome company. Well might they have called Washington father, for this he was in spirit to them all—grave, gentle, courteous and magnanimous, yet exacting strict and instant obedience from all; and well, too, may we imagine that this obedience was freely and cheerfully given.

Hamilton became one of Washington's family on March

First, Seventeen Hundred Seventy-seven, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was barely twenty years of age; Washington was forty-seven, and the average age of the family, omitting its head, was twenty-five. All had been selected on account of superior intelligence and a record of dashing courage. When Hamilton took his place at the board, he was the youngest member, save one. In point of literary talent, he stood among the very foremost in the country, for then there was no literature in America save the literature of politics; and as an officer, he had shown rare skill and bravery. ¶ And yet, such was Hamilton's ambition and confidence in himself, that he hesitated to accept the position, and considered it an act of sacrifice to do so. But having once accepted, he threw himself into the work and became Washington's most intimate and valued assistant. Washington's correspondence with his generals, with Congress, and the written decisions demanded daily on hundreds of minor questions, mostly devolved on Hamilton, for work gravitates to him who can do it best. A simple " Yes," " No " or " Perhaps " from the chief must be elaborated into a diplomatic letter, conveying just the right shade of meaning, all with its proper emphasis and show of dignity and respect. Thousands of these dispatches can now be seen at the Capitol; and the ease, grace, directness and insight shown in them are remarkable. There is no muddy rhetoric or befuddled clauses. They were written by one with a

clear understanding, who was intent that the person addressed should understand, too ❧ Many of these documents were merely signed by Washington, but a few reveal interlined sentences and an occasional word changed in Washington's hand, thus showing that all was closely scrutinized and digested.

As a member of Washington's staff, Hamilton did not have the independent command that he so much desired; but he endured that heroic Winter at Valley Forge, was present at all the important battles, took an active part in most of them, and always gained honor and distinction.

As an aide to Washington, Hamilton's most important mission was when he was sent to General Gates to secure reinforcements for the Southern army. Gates had defeated Burgoyne and won a full dozen stern victories in the North. In the meantime, Washington had done nothing but make a few brave retreats. Gates' army was made up of hardy and seasoned soldiers, who had met the enemy and defeated him over and over again. The flush of success was on their banners; and Washington knew that if a few thousand of those rugged veterans could be secured to reinforce his own well-nigh discouraged troops, victory would also perch upon the banners of the South.

As a superior officer he had the right to demand these troops; but to reduce the force of a general who is making an excellent success is not the common rule of

war. The country looked upon Gates as its savior, and Gates was feeling a little that way himself. Gates had but to demand it, and the position of Commander-in-Chief would go to him. Washington thoroughly realized this, and therefore hesitated about issuing an order requesting a part of Gates' force. To secure these troops as if the suggestion came from Gates was a most delicate commission. Alexander Hamilton was dispatched to Gates' headquarters, armed, as a last resort, with a curt military order to the effect that he should turn over a portion of his army to Washington. Hamilton's orders were: " Bring the troops, but do not deliver this order unless you are obliged to." ☙ Hamilton brought the troops, and returned the order with seal intact ☙ The act of his sudden breaking with Washington has been much exaggerated. In fact, it was not a sudden act at all, for it had been premeditated for some months. There was a woman in the case. Hamilton had done more than conquer General Gates on that Northern trip; at Albany, he had met Elizabeth, daughter of General Schuyler, and won her after what has been spoken of as " a short and sharp skirmish." Both Alexander and Elizabeth regarded " a clerkship " as quite too limited a career for one so gifted; they felt that nothing less than commander of a division would answer. How to break loose—that was the question.

And when Washington met him at the head of the stairs of the New Windsor Hotel and sharply chided

him for being late, the young man embraced the opportunity and said, "Sir, since you think I have been remiss, we part."

It was the act of a boy; and the figure of this boy, five feet five inches high, weight one hundred twenty, aged twenty-four, talking back to his chief, six feet three, weight two hundred, aged fifty, has its comic side. Military rule demands that every one shall be on time, and Washington's rebuke was proper and right. Further than this, one feels that if he had followed up his rebuke by boxing the young man's ears for "sassing back," he would still not have been outside the lines of duty.

But an hour afterwards we find Washington sending for the youth and endeavoring to mend the break. And although Hamilton proudly repelled his advances, Washington forgave all and generously did all he could to advance the young man's interests. Washington's magnanimity was absolutely without flaw, but his attitude towards Hamilton has a more suggestive meaning when we consider that it was a testimonial of the high estimate he placed on Hamilton's ability.

At Yorktown, Washington gave Hamilton the perilous privilege of leading the assault. Hamilton did his work well, rushing with fiery impetuosity upon the fort—carried all before him, and in ten minutes had planted the Stars and Stripes on the ramparts of the enemy.

It was a fine and fitting close to his glorious military career

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

HEN Washington became President, the most important office to be filled was that of manager of the exchequer. In fact, all there was of it was the office—there was no treasury, no mint, no fixed revenue, no credit; but there were debts—foreign and domestic—and clamoring creditors by the thousand. The debts consisted of what was then the vast sum of eighty million dollars. The treasury was empty. Washington had many advisers who argued that the Nation could never live under such a weight of debt—the only way was flatly and frankly to repudiate—wipe the slate clean—and begin afresh

This was what the country expected would be done; and so low was the hope of payment that creditors could be found who were willing to compromise their claims for ten cents on the dollar. Robert Morris, who had managed the finances during the period of the Confederation, utterly refused to attempt the task again, but he named a man who, he said, could bring order out of chaos, if any living man could. That man was Alexander Hamilton. Washington appealed to Hamilton, offering him the position of Secretary of the Treasury. Hamilton, aged thirty-two, gave up his law practise, which was yielding him ten thousand a year, to accept this office which paid three thousand five hundred. Before the British cannon, Washington did not lose heart, but to face the angry mob of creditors

waving white-paper claims made him quake; but with Hamilton's presence his courage came back.

The first thing that Hamilton decided upon was that there should be no repudiation—no offer of compromise would be considered—every man should be paid in full. And further than this, the general government would assume the entire war debt of each individual State. Washington concurred with Hamilton on these points, but he could make neither oral nor written argument in a way that would convince others; so this task was left to Hamilton. Hamilton appeared before Congress and explained his plans—explained them so lucidly and with such force and precision that he made an indelible impression. There were grumblers and complainers, but these did not and could not reply to Hamilton, for he saw all over and around the subject, and they saw it only at an angle. Hamilton had studied the history of finance, and knew the financial schemes of every country. No question of statecraft could be asked him for which he did not have a reply ready. He knew the science of government as no other man in America then did, and recognizing this, Congress asked him to prepare reports on the collection of revenue, the coasting trade, the effects of a tariff, shipbuilding, post-office extension, and also a scheme for a judicial system. When in doubt they asked Hamilton.

And all the time Hamilton was working at this bewildering maze of detail, he was evolving that financial

policy, broad, comprehensive and minute, which endures even to this day, even to the various forms of accounts that are now kept at the Treasury Department at Washington.

His insistence that to preserve the credit of a nation every debt must be paid, is an idea that no statesman now dare question. The entire aim and intent of his policy was high, open and frank honesty. The people should be made to feel an absolute security in their government, and this being so, all forms of industry would prosper, " and the prosperity of the people is the prosperity of the Nation." To such a degree of confidence did Hamilton raise the public credit that in a very short time the government found no trouble in borrowing all the money it needed at four per cent; and yet this was done in face of the fact that its debt had increased.

Just here was where his policy invited its strongest and most bitter attack. For there are men today who can not comprehend that a public debt is a public blessing, and that all liabilities have a strict and undivorceable relationship to assets. Alexander Hamilton was a leader of men. He could do the thinking of his time and map out a policy, " arranging every detail for a kingdom." He has been likened to Napoleon in his ability to plan and execute with rapid and marvelous precision, and surely the similarity is striking.

But he was not an adept in the difficult and delicate

art of diplomacy—he could not wait. He demanded instant obedience, and lacked all of that large, patient, calm magnanimity so splendidly shown forth since by Abraham Lincoln. Unlike Jefferson, his great rival, he could not calmly and silently bide his time. But I will not quarrel with a man because he is not some one else. ¶ He saw things clearly at a glance; he knew because he knew; and if others would not follow, he had the audacity to push on alone. This recklessness to the opinion of the slow and plodding, this indifference to the dull, gradually drew upon him the hatred of a class. ¶ They said he was a monarchist at heart and " such men are dangerous." The country became divided into those who were with Hamilton and those who were against him. The very transcendent quality of his genius wove the net that eventually was to catch his feet and accomplish his ruin.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

IT has been the usual practise for nearly a hundred years to refer to Aaron Burr as a roue, a rogue and a thorough villain, who took the life of a gentle and innocent man.

I have no apologies to make for Colonel Burr; the record of his life lies open in many books, and I would neither conceal nor explain away.

If I should attempt to describe the man and liken him to another, that man would be Alexander Hamilton. ¶ They were the same age within ten months; they were the same height within an inch; their weight was the same within five pounds, and in temperament and disposition they resembled each other as brothers seldom do. Each was passionate, ambitious, proud.

In the drawing-room where one of these men chanced to be, there was room for no one else—such was the vivacity, the wit, and the generous, glowing good-nature shown. With women, the manner of these men was most gentle and courtly; and the low, alluring voice of each was music's honeyed flattery set to words. ¶ Both were much under the average height, yet the carriage of each was so proud and imposing that everywhere they went men made way, and women turned and stared.

Both were public speakers and lawyers of such eminence that they took their pick of clients and charged all the fee that policy would allow. In debate, there was a wilful aggressiveness, a fiery sureness, a lofty certainty,

that moved judges and juries to do their bidding. Henry Cabot Lodge says that so great was Hamilton's renown as a lawyer that clients flocked to him because the belief was abroad that no judge dare decide against him. With Burr it was the same.

Both made large sums, and both spent them all as fast as made ❧ ❧

In point of classic education, Burr had the advantage. He was the grandson of the Reverend Jonathan Edwards. In his strong, personal magnetism, and keen, many-sided intellect, Aaron Burr strongly resembled the gifted Presbyterian divine who wrote "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." His father was the Reverend Aaron Burr, President of Princeton College. He was a graduate of Princeton, and, like Hamilton, always had the ability to focus his mind on the subject in hand, and wring from it its very core. Burr's reputation as to his susceptibility to women's charms is the world's common—very common—property. He was unhappily married; his wife died before he was thirty; he was a man of ardent nature and stalked through the world a conquering Don Juan. A historian, however, records that "his alliances were only with women who were deemed by society to be respectable. Married women, unhappily mated, knowing his reputation, very often placed themselves in his way, going to him for advice, as moths court the flame. Young, tender and innocent girls had no charm for him."

Hamilton was happily married to a woman of aristocratic family; rich, educated, intellectual, gentle, and worthy of him at his best. They had a family of eight children. Hamilton was a favorite of women everywhere and was mixed up in various scandalous intrigues. He was an easy mark for a designing woman. In one instance, the affair was seized upon by his political foes, and made capital of to his sore disadvantage. Hamilton met the issue by writing a pamphlet, laying bare the entire shameless affair, to the horror of his family and friends. Copies of this pamphlet may be seen in the rooms of the American Historical Society at New York. Burr had been Attorney-General of New York State and also United States Senator. Each man had served on Washington's staff; each had a brilliant military record; each had acted as second in a duel; each recognized the honor of the code.

Stern political differences arose, not so much through matters of opinion and conscience, as through ambitious rivalry. Neither was willing the other should rise, yet both thirsted for place and power. Burr ran for the Presidency, and was sternly, strongly, bitterly opposed as " a dangerous man " by Hamilton.

At the election one more electoral vote would have given the highest office of the people to Aaron Burr; as it was he tied with Jefferson. The matter was thrown into the House of Representatives, and Jefferson was given the office, with Burr as Vice-President. Burr

considered, and perhaps rightly, that were it not for Hamilton's assertive influence he would have been President of the United States.

While still Vice-President, Burr sought to become Governor of New York, thinking this the surest road to receiving the nomination for the Presidency at the next election ✍ ✍

Hamilton openly and bitterly opposed him, and the office went to another.

Burr considered, and rightly, that were it not for Hamilton's influence he would have been Governor of New York.

Burr, smarting under the sting of this continual opposition by a man who himself was shelved politically through his own too fiery ambition, sent a note by his friend Van Ness to Hamilton, asking whether the language he had used concerning him (" a dangerous man ") referred to him politically or personally.

Hamilton replied evasively, saying he could not recall all that he might have said during fifteen years of public life. " Especially," he said in his letter, " it can not be reasonably expected that I shall enter into any explanation upon a basis so vague as you have adopted. I trust on more reflection you will see the matter in the same light. If not, however, I only regret the circumstances, and must abide the consequences."

When fighting men use fighting language they invite a challenge. Hamilton's excessively polite regret that " he

must abide the consequences" simply meant fight, as his language had for a space of five years.

A challenge was sent by the hand of Pendleton. Hamilton accepted. Being the challenged man (for duelists are always polite), he was given the choice of weapons. He chose pistols at ten paces.

At seven o'clock on the morning of July Eleventh, Eighteen Hundred Four, the participants met on the heights of Weehawken, overlooking New York Bay. On a toss Hamilton won the choice of position and his second also won the right of giving the word to fire. Each man removed his coat and cravat; the pistols were loaded in their presence. As Pendleton handed his pistol to Hamilton he asked, "Shall I set the hair-trigger?" "Not this time," replied Hamilton. With pistols primed and cocked, the men were stationed facing each other, thirty feet apart.

Both were pale, but free from any visible nervousness or excitement. Neither had partaken of stimulants. Each was asked if he had anything to say, or if he knew of any way by which the affair could be terminated there and then.

Each answered quietly in the negative. Pendleton, standing fifteen feet to the right of his principal, said: "One—two—three—present!" and as the last final sounding of the letter "t" escaped his teeth, Burr fired, followed almost instantly by the other.

Hamilton arose convulsively on his toes, reeled, and

Burr, dropping his smoking pistol, sprang towards him to support him, a look of regret on his face.

Van Ness raised an umbrella over the fallen man, and motioned Burr to be gone.

The ball passed through Hamilton's body, breaking a rib, and lodging in the second lumbar vertebra.

The bullet from Hamilton's pistol cut a twig four feet above Burr's head.

While he was lying on the ground Hamilton saw his pistol near and said, "Look out for that pistol, it is loaded—Pendleton knows I did not intend to fire at him!"

Hamilton died the following day, first declaring that he bore Colonel Burr no ill-will.

Colonel Burr said he very much regretted the whole affair, but the language and attitude of Hamilton forced him to send a challenge or remain quiet and be branded as a coward. He fully realized before the meeting that if he killed Hamilton it would be political death for him, too ✠ ✠

At the time of the deed Burr had no family; Hamilton had a wife and seven children, his oldest son having fallen in a duel fought three years before on the identical spot where he, too, fell.

Burr fled the country.

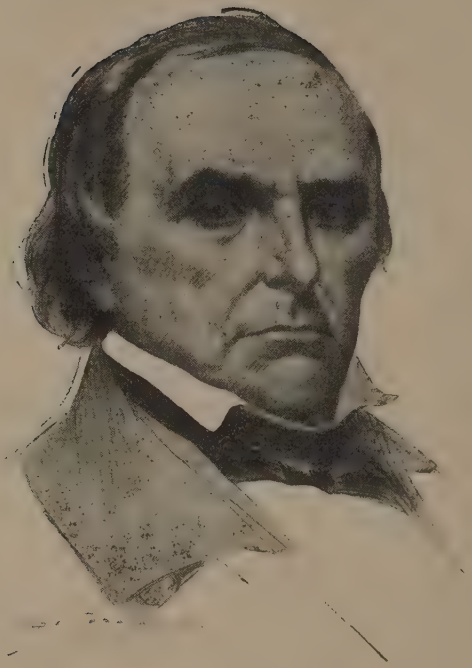
Three years afterwards, he was arrested for treason in trying to found an independent State within the borders of the United States. He was tried and found not guilty.

¶ After some years spent abroad he returned and took up the practise of law in New York. He was fairly successful, lived a modest, quiet life, and died September Fourteenth, Eighteen Hundred Thirty-six, aged eighty years.

Hamilton's widow survived him just one-half a century, dying in her ninety-eighth year.

So passeth away the glory of the world.

DANIEL WEBSTER



DANIEL WEBSTER

Not many days ago I saw at breakfast the notablest of all your notabilities, Daniel Webster. He is a magnificent specimen. You might say to all the world, " This is our Yankee-Englishman; such links we make in Yankeeland! " As a logic fencer, advocate or Parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world. The tanned complexion; the amorphous, craglike face; the dull black eyes under the precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces needing only to be blown; the mastiff mouth accurately closed; I have not traced so much of silent Berserker rage that I remember of in any other man. " I guess I should not like to be your nigger! "

—*Carlyle to Emerson*

DANIEL WEBSTER

HOSE were splendid days, tinged with no trace of blue, when I attended the district school, wearing trousers buttoned to a calico waist. I had ambitions then—I was sure that some day I could spell down the school, propound a problem in fractions that would puzzle the teacher, and play checkers in a way that would cause my name to be known throughout the entire township. ¶ In the midst of these pleasant emotions, a cloud appeared upon the horizon of my happiness. What was it? A Friday Afternoon, that's all.

A new teacher had been engaged—a woman, actually a young woman. It was prophesied that she could not keep order a single day, for the term before, the big boys had once arisen and put out of the building the man who taught them. Then there was a boy who occasionally brought a dog to school; and when the bell rang, the dog followed the boy into the room and lay under the desk pounding his tail on the floor; and everybody tittered and giggled until the boy had been coaxed into taking the dog home, for if merely left in the entry he howled and whined in a way that made study impossible. But one day the boy was not to be coaxed, and the teacher grabbed the dog by the scruff

of the neck, and flung him through a window so forcibly that he never came back. And now a woman was to teach the school: she was only a little woman and yet the boys obeyed her, and I had come to think that a woman could teach school nearly as well as a man, when the awful announcement was made that thereafter every week we were to have a Friday Afternoon. There were to be no lessons; everybody was to speak a piece, and then there was to be a spelling-match—and that was all. But heavens! it was enough.

Monday began very blue and gloomy, and the density increased as the week passed. My mother had drilled me well in my lines, and my big sister was lavish in her praise, but the awful ordeal of standing up before the whole school was yet to come.

Thursday night I slept but little, and all Friday morning I was in a burning fever. At noon I could not eat my lunch, but I tried to, manfully, and as I munched on the tasteless morsels, salt tears rained on the johnny-cake I held in my hand. And even when the girls brought in big bunches of wild flowers and cornstalks, and began to decorate the platform, things appeared no brighter. ¶ Finally, the teacher went to the door and rang the bell: nobody seemed to play, and as the scholars took their seats, some, very pale, tried to smile, and others whispered, "Have you got your piece?" Still others kept their lips working, repeating lines that struggled hard to flee.

Names were called, but I did not see who went up, neither did I hear what was said. At last, my name was called: it came like a clap of thunder—as a great surprise, a shock. I clutched the desk, struggled to my feet, passed down the aisle, the sound of my shoes echoing through the silence like the strokes of a maul. The blood seemed ready to burst from my eyes, ears and nose.

I reached the platform, missed my footing, stumbled, and nearly fell. I heard the giggling that followed, and knew that a red-haired boy, who had just spoken, and was therefore unnecessarily jubilant, had laughed aloud. ¶ I was angry. I shut my fists so that the nails cut my flesh, and glaring straight at his red head shot my bolt: "I know not how others may feel, but sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my heart and my hand to this vote. It is my living sentiment and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment. Independence now, and independence forever."

That was all of the piece. I gave the whole thing in a mouthful, and started for my seat, got halfway there and remembered I had forgotten to bow, turned, went back to the platform, bowed with a jerk, started again for my seat, and hearing some one laugh, ran.

Reaching the seat, I burst into tears. ¶ The teacher came over, patted my head, kissed my cheek, and told me I had done first-rate, and after hearing several others speak I calmed down and quite agreed with her.

DANIEL WEBSTER

IT was Daniel Webster who caused the Friday Afternoon to become an institution in the schools of America. His early struggles were dwelt upon and rehearsed by parents and pedagogues until every boy was looked upon as a possible Demosthenes holding senates in thrall.

If physical imperfections were noticeable, the fond mother would explain that Demosthenes was a sickly, ill-formed youth, who only overcame a lisp by orating to the sea with his mouth full of pebbles; and every one knew that Webster was educated only because he was too weak to work. Oratory was in the air; elocution was rampant; and to declaim in orotund, and gesticulate in curves, was regarded as the chief end of man. One-tenth of the time in all public schools was given over to speaking, and on Saturday evenings the schoolhouse was sacred to the Debating Society.

Then came the Lyceum, and the orators of the land made pilgrimages, stopping one day in a place, putting themselves on exhibition, and giving the people a taste of their quality at fifty cents per head. Recently, there has been a relapse of the oratorical fever. Every city from Leadville to Boston has its College of Oratory, or School of Expression, wherein a newly discovered "Natural Method" is divulged for a consideration. Some of these "Colleges" have done much good; one in particular I know, that fosters a fine spirit of sympathy, and a trace of mysticism that is well in these

hurrying, scurrying days. ¶ But all combined have never produced an orator; no, dearie, they never have, and never can. You might as well have a school for poets, or a college for saints, or give medals for proficiency in the gentle art of wooing, as to expect to make an orator by telling how.

Once upon a day, Sir Walter Besant was to give a lecture upon " The Art of the Novelist." He had just adjusted his necktie for the last time, slipped a lozenge into his mouth, and was about to appear upon the platform, when he felt a tug at the tail of his dress-coat. On looking around, he saw the anxious face of his friend, James Payn. " For God's sake, Walter," whispered Payn, " you are not going to explain to 'em how you do it, are you? " But Walter did not explain how to write fiction, because he could not, and Payn's quizzing question happily relieved the lecture of the bumptiousness it might otherwise have contained.

The first culture for which a people reach out is oratory. The Indian is an orator with " the natural method "; he takes the stump on small provocation, and under the spell of the faces that look up to him, is often moved to strange eloquence. I have heard negro preachers who could neither read nor write, move vast congregations to profoundest emotion by the magic of their words and presence. And further, they proved to me that the ability to read and write is a cheap accomplishment, and that a man can be a very strong character,

and not know how to do either. ¶ For the most part, people who live in cities are not moved by oratory; they are unsocial, unimaginative, unemotional. They see so much and hear so much that they cease to be impressed. When they come together in assemblages they are so apathetic that they fail to generate magnetism—there is no common soul to which the speaker can address himself. They are so cold that the orator never welds them into a mass. He may amuse them, but in a single hour to change the opinions of a lifetime is no longer possible in America. There are so many people, and so much business to transact, that emotional life plays only upon the surface—in it there is no depth. To possess depth you must commune with the Silences. No more do you find men and women coming for fifty miles, in wagons, to hear speakers discuss political issues; no more do you find campmeetings where the preacher strikes conviction home until thousands are on their knees crying to God for mercy.

Intelligence has increased; spirituality has declined, and as a people the warm emotions of our hearts are gone forever.

Oratory is a rustic product. The great orators have always been country-bred, and their appeal has been made to rural people. Those who live in a big place think they are bigger on that account. They acquire glibness of speech and polish of manner; but they purchase these things at a price. They lack the power to

weigh mighty questions, the courage to formulate them, and the sturdy vitality to stand up and declare them in the face of opposition. Revolutions are fought by farmers and rail-splitters; these are the embattled men who fire the shots heard 'round the world.

When Daniel Webster's father took up his residence in New Hampshire, his log cabin was the most northern one of the Colonies. Between him and Montreal lay an unbroken forest inhabited only by prowling Indians. Ebenezer Webster's long rifle had sent cold lead into many a redskin; and the same rifle had done good service in fighting the British. Once, its owner stood guard before Washington's Headquarters at Newburgh, and Washington came out and said, "Captain Webster, I can trust you!"

Ebenezer Webster would leave his home to carry a bag of corn on his back through the woods to the mill ten miles away to have it ground into meal, and his wife would be left alone with the children. On such occasions, Indians who never saw settlers' cabins without having an itch to burn them, used sometimes to call, and the housewife would have to parley with these savages, "impressing them concerning the rights of property."

¶ So here was born Daniel Webster, in Seventeen Hundred Eighty-two, the second child of his mother. His father was then forty-three, and had already raised one brood, but his mother was only in her twenties. It seems that biting poverty and sore deprivation are

about as good prenatal influences as a soul can well ask, provided there abides with the mother a noble discontent and a brave unrest ☙ However, it came near being overdone in Daniel Webster's case, for the Mrs. Gamp who presided at his birth declared he could not live, and if he did, would "allus be a no-'count." ☙ But he made a brave fight for breath, and his crossness and peevishness through the first years of his life were proof of vitality. He must have been a queer toddler when he wore dresses, with his immense head and deep-set black eyes and serious ways.

Being sickly, he was allowed to rule, and the big girls, his half-sisters, humored him, and his mother did the same. They taught him his letters when he was only a baby, and he himself said that he could not remember a time when he could not read the Bible.

When he grew older he did not have to bring in wood and do the chores—he was not strong enough, they said. Little Dan was of a like belief, and encouraged the idea on every occasion. He roamed the woods, fished, hunted, and read every scrap of print that came his way ☙ ☙

Being able to read any kind of print, and not being strong enough to work, it very early was decided that he should have an education. It is rather a humbling confession to make, but our worthy forefathers chiefly prized an education for the fact that it caused the fortunate possessor to be exempt from manual labor.

DANIEL WEBSTER

When Daniel was fourteen, a member of Congress came to see Ebenezer Webster, to secure his influence at election. As the great man rode away, Ebenezer said to his son: " Daniel, look there! he is educated and gets six dollars a day in Congress for doing nothing; while I toil on this rocky hillside and hardly see six dollars in a year. Daniel, get an education! "

" I 'll do it," said Daniel, and throwing his arms around his father's neck, burst into tears.

The village of Salisbury, where Webster was born, is fifteen miles north of Concord. You leave the train at Boscowan, and there is a rickety old stage, with a loquacious driver, that will take you to Salisbury, five miles, for twenty-five cents. The country is one vast outcrop of granite; and one can not but be filled with admiration, mingled with pity, for the dwellers thereabouts who call these piles of rock " farms."

As we wound slowly around the hills, the church-spire of the village came in sight; and soon we entered the one street of this sleepy, forgotten place. I shook hands with the old stage-driver as he let me down in front of the tavern; and as I went in search of the landlord, I thought of the remark of the Chicago woman who, in riding from Warwick over to Stratford, said, " Goodness me! why should a man like Shakespeare ever take it in his head to live so far off! "

Salisbury has four hundred people. You can rent a house there for fifty dollars a year, or should you prefer

not to keep house, but board, you can be accommodated at the tavern for three dollars a week. There are various abandoned farms round about, and they are abandoned so thoroughly that even Kate Sanborn would not have the courage to their adoption try.

The landlord of the hotel told me that were it not for the "Harvest Dance," the dance on the Fourth of July, and the party at Christmas, he could not keep the house open at all. Of course, all the inhabitants know that Webster was born at Salisbury, but there is not so much local pride in the matter as there is at East Aurora over the fact that one of her former citizens is a performer in Barnum and Bailey's Circus.

The number of old men in one of these New England villages impresses folks from the West as being curious. There are a full dozen men at Salisbury between seventy-five and ninety, and all have positive ideas as to just why Daniel Webster missed the Presidency. I found opinion curiously divided as to Webster's ability; but all seemed to argue that when he left New Hampshire and became a citizen of Massachusetts, he made a fatal mistake.

DANIEL WEBSTER

THE sacrifices that the mother and the father of Daniel Webster made, in order that he might go to school, were very great. Every one in the family had to do without things, that this one might thrive. The boy accepted it all, quite as a matter of course, for from babyhood he had been protected and petted. At the last we must admit that the man who towers above his fellows is the one who has the power to make others work for him; a great success is not possible in any other way.

Throughout his life Webster utilized the labor of others, and took it in a high and imperious manner, as though it were his due. No doubt the way in which his family lavished their gifts upon him fixed in his mind that immoral slant of disregard for his financial obligations which clung to him all through life.

There is a story told of his going to a county fair with his brother Ezekiel, which shows the characters of these brothers better than a chapter. The father had given each lad a dollar to spend. When the boys got home Daniel was in gay spirits and Ezekiel was depressed. "Well, Dan," said the father, "did you spend your money?"

"Of course I did," replied Daniel.

"And, Zeke, what did you do with your dollar?"

"Loaned it to Dan," replied Ezekiel.

But there was a fine bond of affection between these two. Ezekiel was two years older and, unfortunately

for himself, was strong and well. He was very early set to work, and I can not find that the thought of giving him an education ever occurred to his parents, until after Daniel had graduated at Dartmouth, and Dan and Zeke themselves then forced the issue.

In stature they were the same size: both were tall, finely formed, and in youth slender. As they grew older they grew stouter, and the personal presence of each was very imposing. Ezekiel was of light complexion and ruddy; Daniel was very dark and sallow. I have met several men who knew them both, and the best opinion is that Ezekiel was the stronger of the two, mentally and morally.

Daniel was not a student, while Ezekiel was; and as a counselor Ezekiel was the safer man. Up to the very week of Ezekiel's death Daniel advised with him on all his important affairs. When Ezekiel fell dead in the courtroom at Concord and the news was carried to his brother, it was a blow that affected him more than the loss of wife or child. His friend and counselor, the one man in life upon whom he leaned, was gone, and over his own great, craglike face came that look of sorrow which death only removed. But care and grief became this giant, as they do all who are great enough to bear them ☙ ☙

It was two years after his brother's death that he made the speech which is his masterpiece. And while the applause was ringing in his ears he turned to Judge

Story and said, "Oh, if Zeke were only here!" Who is there who can not sympathize with that groan? We work for others; and to win the applause of senates or nations, and not be able to know that Some One is glad, takes all the sweetness out of victory.

"When I sing well, I want you to meet me in the wings of the stage, and taking me in your arms, kiss my cheek, and whisper it was all right." When Patti wrote this to her lover she voiced the universal need of a some one who understands, to share the triumph of good work well done. The nostalgia of life never seems so bitter as after moments of success; then comes creeping in the thought that he who would have gloried in this—knowing all the years of struggle and deprivations that made it possible—is sleeping his long sleep.

In that speech of January Twenty-sixth, Eighteen Hundred Thirty, Webster reached high-water mark. On that performance, more than any other, rests his fame. He was forty-eight years old then. All the years of his career he had been getting ready for that address. It was on the one theme that he loved; on the theme he had studied most; on the only theme upon which he ever spoke well—the greatness, the grandeur and the possibilities of America. He spoke for four hours, and in his works the speech occupies seventy close pages. He was at the zenith of his physical and intellectual power, and that is as good a place as any to stop and view the man.

On account of his proud carriage, and the fine poise of his massive head, he gave the impression of being a very large man; but he was just five feet ten, and weighed a little less than two hundred. His manner was grave, deliberate and dignified; and his sturdy face, furrowed with lines of sorrow, made a profound impression upon all before he had spoken a word. He had arrived at an age when the hot desire to succeed had passed. For no man can attain the highest success until he has reached a point where he does not care for it. In oratory the personal desire for victory must be obliterated or the hearer will never award the palm. ¶ Hayne was a very bright and able speaker. He had argued the right of a State to dissent from, or nullify, a law passed by the House of Representatives and Senate, making such law inoperative within its borders. His claim was that the framers of the Constitution did not expect or intend that a law could be passed that was binding on a State when the people of that State did not wish it so. Mr. Hayne had the best end of the argument, and the opinion is now general among jurists that his logic was right and just, and that those who thought otherwise were wrong. New England had practically nullified United States law in Eighteen Hundred Twelve, the Hartford Convention of Eighteen Hundred Fourteen had declared the right; Josiah Quincy had advocated the privilege of any State to nullify an obnoxious law, quite as a matter of course.

The framers of the Constitution had merely said that we "had better" hang together, not that we "must." But with the years had come a feeling that the Nation's life was unsafe if any State should pull away.

Once, on the plains of Colorado, I was with a party when there was danger of an attack from Indians. Two of the party wished to go back; but the leader drew his revolver and threatened to shoot the first man who tried to seek safety. "We must hang together or hang separately." Logically, each man had the right to secede, and go off on his own account, but expediency made a law and we declared that any man who tried to leave did so at his peril.

To Webster was given the task of putting a new construction on the Constitution, and to make of the Constitution a Law instead of a mere compact. Webster's speech was not an argument; it was a plea. And so mightily did he point out the dangers of separation; review the splendid past; and prophesy the greatness of the future—a future that could only be ours through absolute union and loyalty to the good of the whole—that he won his cause.

After that speech, if Calhoun had allowed South Carolina to nullify a United States law, President Jackson would have made good his threat and hanged both him and Hayne on one tree, and the people would have approved the act. But Webster did not get the case quashed: he got only a postponement. In Eighteen

Hundred Sixty, South Carolina moved the case again; she opened the argument in another way this time, and a million lives were required, and millions upon millions in treasure expended to put a construction on the Constitution that the framers did not intend; but which was necessary in order that the Nation might exist.

In the battle of Bull Run, almost the first battle of the war, fell Colonel Fletcher Webster, the only surviving son of Daniel Webster, and with him died the name and race.

DANIEL WEBSTER

THE cunning of Webster's intellect was not creative. In his argument there is little ingenuity; but he had the power of taking an old truth and presenting it in a way that moved men to tears. When aroused, all he knew was within his reach; he had the faculty of getting all his goods in the front window. And he himself confessed that he often pushed out a masked battery, when behind there was not a single gun.

Under the spell of the orator an audience becomes of one mind: the dullest intellect is more alert than usual and the most discerning a little less so. Cheap wit will then often pass for brilliancy, and platitude for wisdom. We roar over the jokes we have known since childhood, and cry "Hear, hear!" when the great man with upraised hands and fire in his glance declares that twice two is four.

Oratory is hypnotism practised on a large scale. Through oratory ideas are acquired by induction.

Webster was a lawyer; and he was not above resorting to any trick or device that could move the emotions or passions of judge and jury to a prejudice favorable to his side. This was very clearly brought out when he undertook to break the will of Stephen Girard.

Girard was a freethinker, and in leaving money to found a college devised that no preacher or priest should have anything to do with its management. The question at issue was, "Is a bequest for founding a college a

charitable bequest?" If so, then the will must stand. But if the bequest were merely a scheme to deprive the legal heirs of their rights—diverting the funds from them for whimsical and personal reasons—then the will should be broken. Mr. Webster made the plea that there was only one kind of charity, namely, Christian charity. Girard was not a Christian, for he had publicly affronted the Christian religion by providing that no minister should teach in his school. Mr. Webster spoke for three hours with many fine bursts of tearful eloquence in support of the Christian faith, reviewing its triumphs and denouncing its foes ✍ The argument was carried outside of the realm of law into the domain of passion and prejudice.

The court took time for the tumult to subside, and then very quietly decided against Webster, sustaining the will. The college building was erected and stands today, the finest specimen of purely Greek architecture in America; and the good that Girard College has done and is now doing is the priceless heritage of our entire country ✍ ✍

One of Webster's first greatest speeches was before the United States Supreme Court in the Dartmouth College case. Here he defended the cause of education with that grave and wonderful weight of argument of which he was master. In the Girard College case, eighteen years after, he reversed his logic, and touched with rare skill on the dangers of a too-liberal education ✍

No man now is quite so daring as to claim that Webster was a Christian. Neither was he a freethinker. He inherited his religious views from his parents, and never considered them enough to change. He simply viewed religion as a part of the fabric of government, giving sturdiness and safety to established order. His own spiritual acreage was left absolutely untilled. His services were for sale; and so plastic were his convictions that once having espoused a cause he was sure it was right. Doubtless it is self-interest, as Herbert Spencer says, that makes the world go round. And thus does sincerity of belief resolve itself into which side will pay most. This question being settled, reasons are as plentiful as blackberries, and are supplied in quantities proportionate in size to the retainer.

John Randolph once touched the quick by saying, " If Daniel Webster was employed on a case and he had partially lost faith in it, his belief in his client's rights could always be refreshed and his zeal renewed by a check." ☙ ☙

Webster had every possible qualification that is required to make the great orator. All those who heard him speak, when telling of it, begin by relating how he looked. He worked the dignity and impressiveness of his Jovelike presence to its furthest limit, and when once thoroughly awake was in possession of his entire armament ☙ ☙

No other American has been able to speak with a like

degree of effectiveness; and his name deserves to rank, and will rank, with the names of Burke, Chatham, Sheridan and Pitt. The case has been tried, the verdict is in and recorded on the pages of history. There can be no retrial, for Webster is dead, and his power died thirty years before his form was laid to rest at Marshfield by the side of his children and the wife of his youth. ¶ Oratory is the lowest of the sublime arts. The extent of its influence will ever be a vexed question. Its result depends on the mood and temperament of the hearer. But there are men who are not ripe for treason and conspiracy, to whom even music makes small appeal. Yet music can be recorded, entrusted to an interpreter yet unborn, and lodge its appeal with posterity. Literature never dies: it dedicates itself to Time. For the printed page is reproduced ten thousand times ten thousand times, and besides, lives as did the Homeric poems, passed on from generation to generation by word of mouth. Were every book containing Shakespeare's plays burned this night, tomorrow they could be rewritten by those who know their every word. ¶ With the passing years the painter's colors fade; time rots his canvas; the marble is dragged from its pedestal and exists in fragments from which we resurrect a nation's life; but oratory dies on the air and exists only as a memory in the minds of those who can not translate, and then as hearsay. So much for the art itself; but the influence of that art is another thing.

DANIEL WEBSTER

He who influences the beliefs and opinions of men influences all other men that live after. For influence, like matter, can not be destroyed.

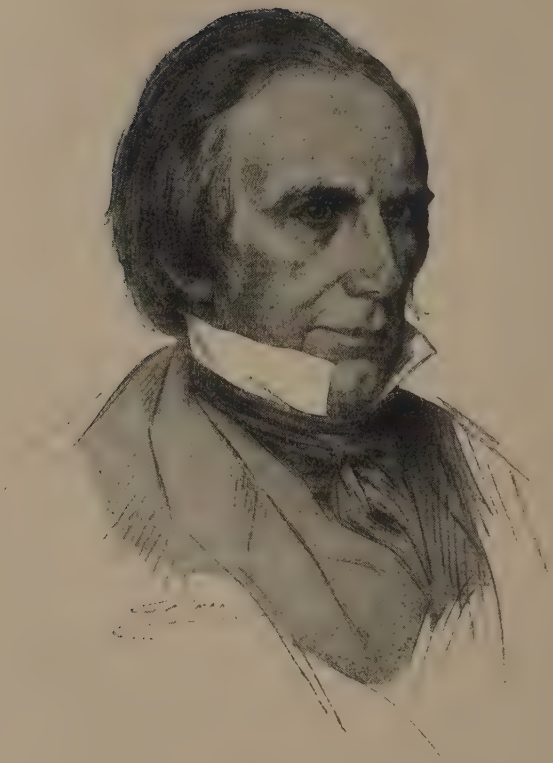
In many ways, Webster lacked the inward steadfastness that his face and frame betokened; but on one theme he was sound to the inmost core. He believed in America's greatness and the grandeur of America's mission. Into the minds of countless men he infused his own splendid patriotism. From his first speech at Hanover when eighteen years old, to his last when nearly seventy, he fired the hearts of men with the love of native land. And how much the growing greatness of our country is due to the magic of his words and the eloquence of his inspired presence no man can compute.

The passion of Webster's life is well mirrored in that burning passage:

" When mine eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union: on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent: on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, or a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as ' What is all

this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterwards'; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, 'Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

HENRY CLAY



HENRY CLAY

If there be any description of rights, which, more than any other, should unite all parties in all quarters of the Union, it is unquestionably the rights of the person. No matter what his vocation, whether he seeks subsistence amid the dangers of the sea, or draws it from the bowels of the earth, or from the humblest occupations of mechanical life—wherever the sacred rights of an American freeman are assailed, all hearts ought to unite and every arm be braced to vindicate his cause.

—Henry Clay

HENRY CLAY

THERE is a story told of an Irishman and an Englishman who were immigrants aboard a ship that was coming up New York Harbor. It chanced to be the fourth day of July, and as a consequence there was a needless waste of gunpowder going on, and many of the ships were decorated with bunting that in color was red, white and blue. "What can all this fuss be about?" asked the Englishman.

"What 's it about?" answered Pat. "Why, this is the day we run you out!"

And the moral of the story is that as soon as an Irishman reaches the Narrows he says "we Americans," while an Englishman will sometimes continue to say "you Americans" for five years and a day. More than this, an Irish-American citizen regards an English-American citizen with suspicion and refers to him as a foreigner, even unto the third and fourth generation.

No man ever hated England more cordially than did Henry Clay.

The genealogists have put forth heroic efforts to secure for Clay a noble English ancestry, but with a degree of success that only makes the unthinking laugh and the judicious grieve. Had these zealous pedigree-

hunters studied the parish registers of County Derry, Ireland, as lovingly as they have Burke's Peerage, they might have traced the Clays of America back to the Cleighs, honest farmers (indifferent honest), of Londonderry. ¶ The character of Henry Clay had in it various traits that were peculiarly Irish. The Irishman knows because he knows, and that 's all there is about it. He is dramatic, emotional, impulsive, humorous without suspecting it, and will fight friend or foe on small provocation. Then he is much given to dealing in that peculiar article known as palaver. The farewell address of Henry Clay to the Senate, and his return thereto a few years later, comprise one of the most Irishlike proceedings to be found in history.

There is no finer man on earth than your "thrue Irish gintleman," and Henry Clay had not only all the highest and most excellent traits of the "gintleman," but a few also of his worst. Clay made friends as no other American statesman ever did. "To come within reach of the snare of his speech was to love him," wrote one man. People loved him because he was affectionate, for love only goes out to love. And the Irish heart is a heart of love. Henry Clay called himself a Christian, and yet at times he was picturesquely profane. We have this on the authority of the "Diary" of John Quincy Adams, which of course we must believe, for even that other fighting Irishman, Andrew Jackson, said, "Adams' Diary is probably correct—damn it!"

Clay was convivial in all the word implies; his losses at cards often put him in severe financial straits; he stood ready to back his opinion concerning a Presidential election, a horse-race or a dog-fight, and with it all he held himself " personally responsible "—having fought two duels and engaged in various minor " misunderstandings." ☙ ☙

And yet he was a great statesman—one of the greatest this country has produced, and as a patriot no man was ever more loyal. It was America with him first and always. His reputation, his fortune, his life, his all, belonged to America.

HENRY CLAY

THE city of Lexington contains about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. In Lexington two distinct forms of civilization meet. ¶ One is the civilization of the F. F. V., converted into that peculiar form of noblesse known the round world over as the Blue-Grass Aristocracy. Blue-Grass Society represents leisure and luxury and the generous hospitality of friendships generations old; it means broad acres, noble mansions reached by roadways that stray under wide-spreading oaks and elms where squirrels chatter and mild-eyed cows look at you curiously; it means apple-orchards, gardens lined with boxwood, capacious stables and long lines of white-washed cottages, around which swarm a dark cloud of dependents who dance and sing and laugh—and work when they have to.

Over against these there are to be seen trolley-cars, electric lights, smart rows of new brick houses on lots thirty by one hundred, negro policemen in uniforms patterned after those worn by the Broadway Squad, streets torn up by sewers and conduits, steam-rollers with an unsavory smell of tar and asphalt, push-buttons and a Hello-Exchange.

As to which form of civilization is the more desirable is a question that is usually answered by taste and temperament. One thing sure, and that is, that a pride which swings to t'other side and becomes vanity is often an element in both. Each could learn something

of the other. Lots that you can jump across, rented to families of ten, with land a mile away that can be bought for fifty dollars an acre, are not an ideal condition.

¶ On the other hand, inside the city limits of Lexington are mansions surrounded by an even hundred acres. But at some of these, gates are off their hinges, pickets have been borrowed for kindling, creeping vines and long grass o'ertop the walls of empty stables, and a forest of weeds insolently invades the spot where once nestled milady's flower-garden.

Slowly but surely the Blue-Grass Aristocracy is giving way to purslane or asphalt, moving into flats, and allowing the boomer to plat its fair acres—running excursion-trains to attend auction-sales where all the lots are corner lots and are to be bought on the instalment plan, which plan is said by a cynic to give the bicycle face.

Just across from Ashland is a beautiful estate, recently sold at a sacrifice to a man from Massachusetts, by the name of Douglas, who I am told is bald through lack of hair and makes three-dollar shoes. The stately old mansion mourns its former masters—all are gone—and a thrifty German is plowing up the lawn, that the cows of the Douglas (tender and true) may eat early clover

But Ashland is there today in all the beauty and loveliness that Henry Clay knew when he wrote to Benton: " I love old Ashland, and all these acres with

their trees and flowers and growing grain lure me in a way that ambition never can. No, I remain at Ashland." ¶ The rambling old house is embowered in climbing vines and clambering rosebushes and is set thick about with cedars, so that you can scarcely see the chimney-tops above the mass of green. A lane running through locust-trees planted by Henry Clay's own hands leads you to the hospitable, wide-open door, where a colored man, whose black face is set in a frame of wool, smiles a welcome. He relieves you of your baggage and leads the way to your room.

The summer breeze blows lazily in through the open window, and the only sound of life and activity about seems to center in two noisy robins which are making a nest in the eaves, right within reach of your hand. The colored man apologizes for them, anathematizes them mildly, and proposes to drive them away, but you restrain him. After the man has gone you bethink you that the suggestion of driving the birds away was only the white lie of society (for even black folks tell white lies), and the old man probably had no more intent of driving the birds away than of going himself. ¶ On the dresser is a pitcher of freshly clipped roses, the morning dew still upon them, and you only cease to admire as you espy your mail that lies there awaiting your hand. News from home and loved ones greets you before these new-found friends do! You have not seen the good folks who live here, only the old colored

man who pretended that he was going to kill cock-robin, and did n't. The hospitality is not gushing or effusive—the place is yours, that 's all, and you lean out of the window and look down at the flowerbeds, and wonder at the silence and the quiet and peace, and feel sorry for the folks who live in Cincinnati and Chicago. The soughing of the wind through the pines comes to you like the murmur of the sea, and breaking in on the stillness you hear the sharp sound of an ax—some Gladstone chopping, miles and miles away.

Your dreams are broken by a gentle tap at the door and your host has come to call on you. You know him at once, even though you have never before met, for men who think alike and feel alike do not have to " get acquainted." Heart speaks to heart.

He only wishes to say that your coming is a pleasure to all the family at Ashland, the library is yours as well as the whole place, lunch is at one o'clock, and George will get you anything you wish. And back in the shadow of the hallway you catch sight of the old colored man and see him bow low when his name is mentioned.

Ashland is probably in better condition today than when Henry Clay worked and planned, and superintended its fair acres. The place has seen vicissitudes since the body of the man who gave it immortality lay in state here in July, Eighteen Hundred Fifty-two. But Major McDowell's wife is the granddaughter of Henry Clay, and it seems meet that the descendants

of the great man should possess Ashland. Major McDowell has means and taste and the fine pride that would preserve all the traditions of the former master. The six hundred acres are in a high state of cultivation, and the cattle and horses are of the kinds that would have gladdened the heart of Clay.

In the library, halls and dining-room are various portraits of the great man, and at the turn of the stairs is a fine heroic bust, in bronze, of that lean face and form. Hundreds of his books are to be seen on the shelves, all marked and dog-eared and scribbled on, thus disproving much of that old cry that "Clay was not a student." Some men are students only in youth, but Clay's best reading was done when he was past fifty. The book habit grew upon him with the years.

Here are his pistols, spurs, saddle and memorandum-books. Here are letters, faded and yellow, dusted with black powder on ink that has been dry a hundred years, asking for office, or words of gracious thanks in token of benefits not forgot.

Off to the south stretches away a great forest of walnut, oak and chestnut trees—reminders of the vast forest that Daniel Boone knew. Many of these trees were here then, and here let them remain, said Henry Clay. And so today at Ashland, as at Hawarden, no tree is felled until it has been duly tried by the entire family and all has been said for and against the sentence of death. I heard Miss McDowell make an eloquent plea

for an old oak that had been rather recklessly harboring mistletoe and many squirrels, until it was thought probable that, like our first parents, it might have a fall. It was a plea more eloquent than "O Woodman, spare that tree." A reprieve for a year was granted; and I thought, as I cast my vote on the side of mercy, that the jury that could not be won by such a young woman as that was hopelessly dead at the top and more hollow at the heart than the old oak under whose boughs we sat.

HENRY CLAY

ASHLAND is just a mile south of the court-house. When Henry Clay used to ride horse-back between the town and his farm there were scarce a dozen houses to pass on the way, but now the street is all built up, and is smartly paved, and the trolley-line booms a noisy car to the sacred gates every ten minutes.

Lexington was laid out in the year Seventeen Hundred Seventy-four, and the intention was to name it in honor of Colonel Patterson, the founder, or of Daniel Boone. But while the surveyors were doing their work, word came of the battle of some British and certain embattled farmers, and the spirit of freedom promptly declared that the town should be called Lexington.

¶ Three years after the laying-out of Lexington, Henry Clay was born. He was the son of a poor and obscure Baptist preacher who lived at "The Slashes," in Virginia. The boy never had any vivid recollection of his father, who passed away when Henry was a mere child.

The mother had a hard time of it with her family of seven children, and if kind neighbors had not aided, there would have been actual want. And surely one can not blame the widow for "marrying for a home" when opportunity offered. Only one out of that first family ever achieved eminence, and the second brood is actually lost to us in oblivion.

Henry Clay was a graduate of the University of Hard

Knocks; he also took several post-graduate courses at the same institution. Very early in life we see that he possessed the fine, eager, receptive spirit that absorbs knowledge through the finger-tips; and the ability to think and to absorb is all that even college can ever do for a man. I doubt whether college would have helped Clay, and it might have dimmed the diamond luster of his mind, and diluted that fine audacity which carried him on his way. In this capacity to comprehend in the mass, Clay's character was essentially feminine. We have Thoreau for authority that the intuition and the sympathy found always in the saviors of the world are purely feminine attributes—the legacy bequeathed from a mother who thirsted for better things.

From a clerk in a country store to a bookkeeper, then a copyist for a lawyer, a writer of letters for the neighborhood, a reader of law, and next a lawyer, were easy and natural steps for this ambitious boy.

Virginia with its older settlements offered small opportunities, and so we find young Clay going West, and landing at Lexington when twenty years old. He requested a license to practise law, but the Bar Association, which consisted of about a dozen members, decided that no more lawyers were needed at Lexington. Clay demanded that he should be examined as to fitness, and the blackberry-bush Blackstones sat upon him, as a coroner would say, with intent to give him so stiff an examination that he would be glad to get work as

a farmhand. ¶ A dozen questions had been asked, and an attempt had been made to confuse and browbeat the youth, when the Nestor of the Lexington Bar expectorated at a fly ten feet away, and remarked, "Oh, the devil! there is no need of tryin' to keep a boy like this down—he 's as fit as we, or fitter!"

And so he was admitted.

From the very first he was a success; he toned up the mental qualities of the Fayette County Bar, and made the older, easy-going members feel to see whether their laurel wreaths were in place.

When he was thirty years of age he was chosen by the Legislature of Kentucky as United States Senator. When his term expired he chose to go to Congress, probably because it afforded better opportunity for oratory and leadership. As soon as he appeared upon the floor he was chosen Speaker by acclamation. So thoroughly American was he, that one of his very first suggestions was to the effect that every member should clothe himself wholly in fabrics made in the United States. Humphrey Marshall ridiculed the proposition and called Clay a demagogue, for which he got himself straightway challenged. Clay shot a bullet through his English-made broadcloth coat, and then they shook hands ❧ ❧

When his term as Congressman expired, he again went to the Senate, and served two years. Then he went back to the House, and through his influence, and his

alone, did we challenge Great Britain, just as he had challenged Marshall.

England accepted the challenge, and we call it the War of Eighteen Hundred Twelve.

Very often, indeed, do we hear the rural statesmen at Fourth of July celebrations exclaim, "We have whipped England twice, and we can do it again!"

We whipped England once, and it is possible we could do it again, but she got the best of us in the War of Eighteen Hundred Twelve. Henry Clay plunged the country into war to redress certain grievances, and as a peace commissioner he backed out of that war without having a single one of those grievances indemnified or redressed.

After the treaty of peace had been declared and "the war was over," that fighting Irishman, Andrew Jackson, Irishlike, gave the British a black eye at New Orleans, just for luck, and this is the only thing in that whole misunderstanding of which we should not as a nation be ashamed.

If England had not had Napoleon on her hands at that particular time, Wellington would probably have made a visit to America, and might have brought along for us a Waterloo. And these things are fully explained in the textbooks on history used in the schools of Great Britain, on whose possessions the sun never sets.

But as Henry Clay had gotten us into war, his diplomacy helped to get us out, and as it was a peace without

dishonor, Clay's reputation did not materially suffer. In fact, the terms of peace were so ambiguous that Congress gave out to the world that it was a victory, and the exact facts were quite lost in the smoke of Jackson's muskets that hovered over the cotton bales. ¶ Later, when Clay ran against Jackson for the Presidency he found that a peace-hero has no such place in the hearts of men as a war-hero. Jackson had not a tithe of Clay's ability, and yet Clay's defeat was overwhelming. "Peace hath her victories"—yes, but the average voter does not know it. The only men who have received overwhelming majorities for President have been war-heroes. Obscure men have crept in several times, but popular diplomats—never. The fate of such popular men as Clay, Seward and Blaine is one. And when one considers how strong is this tendency to glorify the hero of action, and ignore the hero of thought, he wonders how it really happened that Paul Revere was not made the second President of the United States instead of John Adams.

Clay was a most eloquent pleader. The grace of his manner, the beauty of his speech, and the intense earnestness of his nature often convinced men against their wills.

There was sometimes, however, a suspicion in the air that his best quotations were inspirations, and that the statistics to which he appealed were evolved from his inner consciousness. But the man had power and

personality plus. He was a natural leader, and unlike other statesmen we might name, he always carried his town and district by overwhelming majorities. And it is well to remember that the first breath of popular disfavor directed against Henry Clay was because he proposed the abolition of slavery.

Those who knew him best loved him most, and this was true from the time he began to practise law in Lexington, when scarcely twenty-one years old, to his seventy-fifth year, when his worn-out body was brought home to rest.

On that occasion all business in Lexington, and in most of Kentucky, ceased. Even the farmers quit work, and very many private residences were draped in mourning. Memorial services were held in hundreds of churches, the day was given over to mourning, and everywhere men said, " We shall never look upon his like again."

HENRY CLAY

EFORE I visited Lexington, my cousin, Little Emily, duly wrote me that on no account, when I was in Kentucky, must I offer any criticisms on the character of Henry Clay; for if I grew reckless and compared him with another to his slightest disadvantage, I should have to fight

That he was absolutely the greatest statesman America has produced is, to all Kentuckians, a fact so sure that they doubt the honesty or the sanity of any one who hints otherwise. He is their ideal, the perfect man, the model for all youths to imitate, and the standard by which all other statesmen are gauged. Clay to Kentucky scores one hundred. And as he was at the last defeated for the highest office, which they say was his God-given right, there is a flavor of martyrdom in his history that is the needed crown for every hero.

Complete success alienates man from his fellows, but suffering makes kinsmen of us all. So the South loves Henry Clay.

He is so well loved that he is apotheosized, and thus the real man to many is lost in the clouds. With his name, song and legend have worked their miracles, and to very many Southern people he is a being separate and apart, like Hector or Achilles.

With my cousin, Little Emily, I am always very frank—and you can be honest and frank with so few in this world of expediency, you know! We are so frank in

expression that we usually quarrel very shortly. And so I explained to Emily just what I have written here, as to the real Henry Clay being lost.

She contradicted me flatly and said, " To love a person is not to lose him—you never lose except through indifference or hate! " I started to explain and had gotten as far as, " It is just like this," when the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of General Bellicose, who had come to take us riding behind a spanking pair of geldings, that I was assured were standard bred.

In Lexington you never use the general term " horse." You speak of a mare, a gelding, a horse, a four-year-old, a weanling or a sucker. To refer to a trotter as a thoroughbred is to suffer social ostracism, and to obfuscate a side-wheeler with a single-footer is proof of degeneracy. This applies equally to the ethics of the ballroom or the livery-stable. In Kentucky they read Richard's famous lines thus: " A saddler! a saddler! my kingdom for a saddler! " So when I complimented General Bellicose on his geldings and noted that they went square without boots or weights, and that he used no blinders, it thawed the social ice, and we were as brothers. Then I led the way cautiously to Henry Clay, and the General assured me that in his opinion the Henry Clays were even better than the George Wilkes. To be sure, Wilkes had more in the 'thirty list, but the Clays had brains, and were cheerful; they neither lugged nor hung back, whereas you always had

to lay whip to a Wilkes in order to get along a bit, or else use a gag and overcheck.

I pressed Little Emily's hand under the lap-robe and asked her if all Kentuckians were believers in metempsychosis. "Colonel Littlejourneys is making fun of you, General," said Little Emily; "the Colonel is talking about the man, and you are discussing trotters!"

¶ And then I apologized, but the General said it was he who should make the apology, and raising the carriage-seat brought out a box of genuine Henry Clay Havanas, in proof of amity.

It 's a very foolish thing to smile at a man who rides a hobby. Once there was a man who rode a hobby all his life, to the great amusement of his enemies and the mortification of his wife; and when the man was dead they found it was a real live horse and had carried the man many long miles.

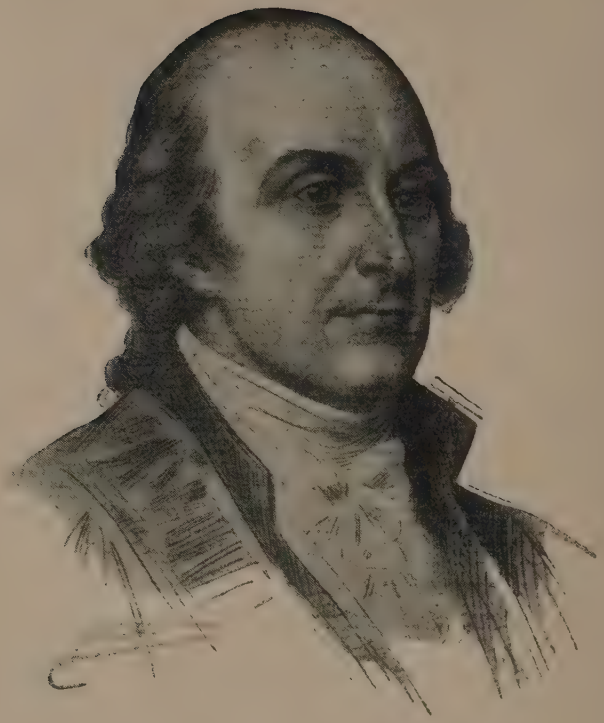
General Bellicose loves a horse; so does Little Emily and so do I. But Little Emily and the General know history and have sounded politics in a way that puts me in the kindergarten; and I found before the day was over that what one did not know about the political history of America the other did. And mixed up in it all we discussed the merits of the fox-trot versus the single-foot ☙ ☙

We saw the famous Clay monument, built by the State at a cost of nearly a hundred thousand dollars, and with uncovered heads gazed through the gratings into

the crypt where lies the dust of the great man. Then we saw the statue of John C. Breckinridge in the public square, and visited various old ebb-tide mansions where the " quarters " had fallen into decay, and the erstwhile inhabitants had moved to the long row of tenements down by the cotton-mill. My train whistled and we were half a mile from the station, but the General said we would get there in time—and we did. I bade my friends good-by and quite forgot to thank them for all their kindness, although down in my heart I felt that it had been a time rare as a day in June. I believe they felt my gratitude, too, for where there is such a feast of wit and flow of soul, such kindness, such generosity, the spirit understands.

When I arrived home I found a box awaiting me, bearing the express mark of Lexington, Kentucky. On opening the case I found six quart-bottles of " Henry Clay—1881 "; and a card with the compliments of Little Emily and General Bellicose. On the outside of the case was neatly stenciled the legend, " Thackeray, Full sett, 14 vol., half Levant." I do not know why the box was so marked, but I suppose it was in honor of my literary proclivities. I went out and blew four merry blasts on a ram's horn, and the Philistines assembled.

JOHN JAY



JOHN JAY

Calm repose and the sweets of undisturbed retirement appear more distant than a peace with Britain ❧ It gives me pleasure, however, to reflect that the period is approaching when we shall be citizens of a better ordered State, and the spending of a few troublesome years of our eternity in doing good to this and future generations is not to be avoided nor regretted. Things will come right, and these States will yet be great and flourishing.

—Letter to Washington

JOHN JAY

MERICA should feel especially charitable towards Louis the Great, called by Carlyle, Louis the Little, for banishing the Huguenots from France. What France lost America gained. Tyranny and intolerance always drive from their homes the best: those who have ability to think, courage to act, and a pride that can not be coerced

The merits possessed by the Huguenots are exactly those which every man and nation needs. And these are simple virtues, too, whose cultivation stands within the reach of all. These are the virtues of the farmers and peasants and plain people who do the work of the world, and give good government its bone and sinew. To a great degree, so-called society is made up of parasites who fasten and feed upon the industrious and methodical.

If you have read history you know that the men who go quietly about their business have been cajoled, threatened, driven, and often, when they have been guilty of doing a little independent thinking on their own account, banished. And further than this, when you read the story of nations dead and gone you will see that their decline began when the parasites got

too numerous and flauntingly asserted their supposed power. That contempt for the farmer, and indifference to the rights of the man with tin pail and overalls, which one often sees in America, are portents that mark disintegrating social bacilli. If the Republic of the United States ever becomes but a memory, like Carthage, Athens and Rome, drifting off into senile decay like Italy and Spain or France, where a man may yet be tried and sentenced without the right of counsel or defense, it will be because we forgot—we forgot!

In moral fiber and general characteristics the Huguenots and the Puritans were one. The Huguenots had, however, the added virtue of a dash of the Frenchman's love of beauty. By their excellent habits and loyalty to truth, as they saw it, they added a vast share to the prosperity and culture of the United States.

¶ Of seven men who acted as presiding officer over the deliberations of Congress during the Revolutionary Period, three were of Huguenot parentage: Laurens, Boudinot and Jay. John Jay was a typical Huguenot, just as Samuel Adams was a typical Puritan. In his life there was no glamour of romance. Stern, studious and inflexibly honest, he made his way straight to the highest positions of trust and honor. Good men who are capable are always needed. The world wants them now more than ever. We have an overplus of clever individuals; but for the faithful men who are loyal to a trust there is a crying demand.

JOHN JAY

The life of Jay quite disproves the oft-found myth that a dash of Mephisto in a young man is a valuable adjunct. John Jay was neither precocious nor bad. It is further a refreshing fact to find that he was no prig, simply a good, healthy youngster who took to his books kindly and gained ground—made head upon the whole by grubbing.

His father was a hard-headed, prosperous merchant, who did business in New York, and moved his big family up to the little village of Rye because life in the country was simple and cheap. Thus did Peter Jay prove his commonsense.

Peter Jay copied every letter he wrote, and we now have these copy-books, revealing what sort of man he was. Religious he was, and scrupulously exact in all things. We see that he ordered Bibles from England, " and also six groce of Church Wardens," which I am told is a long clay pipe, " that hath a goodly flavor and doth not bite the tongue." He also at one time ordered a chest of tea, and then countermanded the order, having taken the resolve to " use no tea in my family while that rascally Tax is on—having a spring of good, pure water near my house." Which shows that a man can be very much in earnest and still joke.

John was the baby, scarcely a year old, when the Jay family moved up to Rye. He was the eighth child, and as he grew up he was taught by the older ones. He took part in all the fun and hardships of farm life—going

to school in Winter, working in Summer, and on Sundays hearing long sermons at church.

We find by Peter Jay's letter-book that: "Johnny is about our brightest child. We have great hopes of him, and believe it will be wise to educate him for a preacher." In order to educate boys then, they were sent to live in the family of some man of learning. And so we find " Johnny " at twelve years of age installed in the parsonage at New Rochelle, the Huguenot settlement. The pastor was a Huguenot, and as only French was spoken in the household, the boy acquired the language, which afterwards stood him in good stead.

The pastor reported favorably, and when fifteen, young Jay was sent to King's College, which is now Columbia University, kings not being popular in America.

Doctor Samuel Johnson, who nowise resembled Ursa Major, was the president of the College at that time. He was also the faculty, for there were just thirty students and he did all the teaching himself. Doctor Johnson, true to his name, dearly loved a good book, and when teaching mathematics would often forget the topic and recite Ossian by the page, instead. Jay caught it, for the book craze is contagious and not sporadic. We take it by being exposed.

And thus it was while under the tutelage of Doctor Johnson that Jay began to acquire the ability to turn a terse sentence; and this gained him admittance into the world of New York letters, whose special guardians

were Dickinson and William Livingston. ¶ Livingston invited the boy to his house, and very soon we find the young man calling without special invitation, for Livingston had a beautiful daughter about John's age, who was fond of Ossian, too, or said she was.

And as this is not a serial love-story, there is no need of keeping the gentle reader in suspense, so I will explain that some years later John married the girl, and the mating was a very happy one.

After John had been to King's College two years we find in the faded and yellow old letter-book an item written by the father to the effect that: "Our Johnny is doing well at College. He seems sedate and intent on gaining knowledge; but rather inclines to Law instead of the Ministry."

Doctor Johnson was succeeded by Doctor Myles Cooper, a Fellow of Oxford, who used to wear his mortar-board cap and scholar's gown up Broadway. In young Jay's veins there was not a drop of British blood. Of his eight great-grandparents, five were French and three Dutch, a fact he once intimated in the Oxonian's presence. And then it was explained to the youth that if such were the truth it would be as well to conceal it. ¶ Alexander Hamilton got along very well with Doctor Cooper, but John Jay found himself rusticated shortly before graduation. Some years after this Doctor Cooper hastily climbed the back fence, leaving a sample of his gown on a picket, while Alexander Hamilton held the

Whig mob at bay at the front door. ¶ Cooper sailed very soon for England, anathematizing " the blarsted country " in classic Latin as the ship passed out of the Narrows.

" England is a good place for him," said the laconic John Jay.

So John Jay was to be a lawyer. And the only way to be a lawyer in those days was to work in a lawyer's office. A goodly source of income to all established lawyers was the sums they derived for taking embryo Blackstones into their keeping. The greater a man's reputation as a lawyer, the higher he placed his fee for taking a boy in.

In those days there were no printed blanks, and a simple lease was often a day's work to write out; so it was not difficult to keep the boys busy. Besides that, they took care of the great man's horse, blacked his boots, swept the office, and ran errands. During the third year of apprenticeship, if all went well, the young man was duly admitted to the Bar. A stiff examination kept out the rank outsiders, but the nomination by a reputable attorney was equivalent to admittance, for all members knew that if you opposed an attorney today, tomorrow he might oppose you.

To such an extent was this system of taking students carried that, in Seventeen Hundred Sixty-eight, we find New York lawyers alarmed " by the awful influx of young Barristers upon this Province." So steps were

taken to make all attorneys agree not to have more than two apprentices in their office at one time. About the same time the Boston newspaper, called the " Centinel," shows there was a similar state of overproduction in Boston. Only the trouble there was principally with the doctors, for doctors were then turned loose in the same way, carrying a diploma from the old physician with whom they had matriculated and duly graduated. ¶ Law schools and medical colleges, be it known, are comparatively modern institutions—not quite so new, however, as business colleges, but pretty nearly so. And now in Chicago there is a " Barbers' University," which issues diplomas to men who can manipulate a razor and shears, whereas, until yesterday, boys learned to be barbers by working in a barber's shop. The good old way was to pass a profession along from man to man

And it is so yet in a degree, for no man is allowed to practise either medicine or law until he has spent some time in the office of a practitioner in good standing.

In the Catholic Church, and also in the Episcopal, the novitiate is expected to serve for a time under an older clergyman; but all the other denominations have broken away, and now spring the fledgling on the world straight from the factory.

Several other of his children having sorely disappointed him, Peter Jay seemed to center his ambitions on his boy John. So we find him paying Benjamin Kissam, the

eminent lawyer, two hundred pounds in good coin of the Colony to take John Jay as a 'prentice for five years. John went at it and began copying those endless, wordy documents in which the old-time attorney used to delight. John sat at one end of a table, and at the other was seated one Lindley Murray, at the mention of whose name terror used to seize my soul.

Murray has written some good, presentable English to the effect that young Jay, even at that time, had the inclination and ability to focus his mind upon the subject in hand. " He used to work just as steadily when his employer was away as when he was in the office," a fact which the grammarian seemed to regard as rather strange ℒ ℒ

In a year we find that when Mr. Kissam went away he left the keys of the safe in John Jay's hands, with orders what to do in case of emergencies. Thus does responsibility gravitate to him who can shoulder it, and trust to the man who deserves it.

It was in Kissam's office that Jay acquired that habit of reticence and serene poise which, becoming fixed in character, made his words carry such weight in later years. He never gave snapshot opinions, or talked at random, or voiced any sentiment for which he could not give a reason.

His companions were usually men much older than he. At the " Moot Club " he took part with James Duane, who was to be New York's first continental mayor;

Gouverneur Morris, who had not at that time acquired the wooden leg which he once snatched off and brandished with happy effect before a Paris mob; and Samuel Jones, who was to take as 'prentice and drill that strong man, De Witt Clinton.

Before his years of apprenticeship were over, John Jay, the quiet, the modest, the reticent, was known as a safe and competent lawyer—Kissam having pushed him forward as associate counsel in various difficult cases. ¶ Meantime, certain chests of tea had been dumped into Boston Harbor, and the example had been followed by the " Mohawks " in New York. British oppression had made many Tories lukewarm, and then English rapacity had transformed these Tories into Whigs. Jay was one of these; and in newspapers and pamphlets, and from the platform, he had pleaded the cause of the Colonies. Opposition crystallized his reasons, and threats only served to make him reaffirm the truths he had stated.

So prominent had his utterances made his name, that one fine day he was nominated to attend the first Congress of the Colonies to be held in Philadelphia.

In August, Seventeen Hundred Seventy-four, we find him leaving his office in New York in charge of a clerk, and riding horseback over to the town of Elizabeth, there joining his father-in-law, and the two starting for Philadelphia. On the road they fell in with John Adams, who kept a diary. That night at the tavern

where they stopped, the sharp-eyed Yankee recorded the fact of meeting these new friends and added, " Mr. Jay is a young gentleman of the law . . . and Mr. Scott says a hard student and a very good speaker." ¶ And so they journeyed on across the State to Trenton and down the Delaware River to Philadelphia, visiting, and cautiously discussing great issues as they went. Samuel Adams, too, was in the party, as reticent as Jay. Jay was twenty-nine and Samuel Adams fifty-two years old, but they became good friends, and Samuel once quietly said to John Adams, " That man Jay is young in years, but he has an old head."

Jay was the youngest man of the Convention, save one. ¶ When the Second Congress met, Jay was again a delegate. He served on several important committees, and drew up a statement that was addressed to the people of England; but he was recalled to New York before the supreme issue was reached, and thus, through accident, the Declaration of Independence does not contain the signature of John Jay.

JOHN JAY

IN Seventeen Hundred Seventy-eight, Jay was chosen president of the Continental Congress to succeed that other patriotic Huguenot, Laurens. The following year he was selected as the man to go to Spain, to secure from that country certain friendly favors.

His reception there was exceedingly frosty, and the mention of his two years on the ragged edge of court life at Madrid, in later years brought to his face a grim smile

Spain's diplomatic policy was smooth hypocrisy and rank untruth, and all her promises, it seems, were made but to be broken. Jay's negotiations were only partially successful, but he came to know the language, the country and the people in a way that made his knowledge very valuable to America.

By Seventeen Hundred Eighty-one, England had begun to see that to compel the absolute submission of the Colonies was more of a job than she had anticipated. News of victories was duly sent to the "mother country" at regular intervals, but with these glad tidings were requests for more troops, and requisitions for ships and arms.

The American army was a very hard thing to find. It would fight one day, to retreat the next, and had a way of making midnight attacks and flank movements, that, to say the least, were very confusing. Then it would separate, to come together—Lord knows where! This

made Lord Cornwallis once write to the Home Secretary: " I could easily defeat the enemy, if I could find him and engage him in a fair fight." He seemed to think it was " no fair," forgetting the old proverb which has something to say about love and war.

Finally, Cornwallis got the thing his soul desired—a fair fight. He was then acting on the defensive. The fight was short and sharp; and Colonel Alexander Hamilton, who led the charge, in ten minutes planted the Stars and Stripes on his ramparts.

That night Cornwallis was the " guest " of Washington, and the next day a dinner was given in his honor.

He was then obliged to write to the Home Secretary, " We have met the enemy, and we are theirs "—but of course he did not express it just exactly that way. Then it was that King George, for the first time, showed a disposition to negotiate for peace.

As peace commissioners, America named Franklin, John Adams, Laurens, Jay and Jefferson.

Jefferson refused to leave his wife, who was in delicate health. Adams was at The Hague, just closing up a very necessary loan. Laurens had been sent to Holland on a diplomatic mission, and his ship having been overhauled by a British man-of-war, he was safely in that historic spot, the Tower of London.

So Jay and Franklin alone met the English commissioners, and Jay stated to them the conditions of peace.

¶ In a few weeks Adams arrived, still keeping a diary.

In that diary is found this item: " The French call me 'Le Washington de la Negociation': a very flattering compliment indeed, to which I have no right, but sincerely think it belongs to Mr. Jay."

Jay quitted Paris in May, Seventeen Hundred Eighty-four, having been gone from his native land eight years. When he reached New York there was a great demonstration in his honor. Triumphal arches were erected across Broadway, houses and stores were decorated with bunting, cannons boomed, and bells rang. The freedom of the city was presented to him in a gold box, with an exceedingly complimentary address, engrossed on parchment, and signed by one hundred of the leading citizens.

Jay spent just one day in New York, and then rode on horseback up to the old farm at Rye, Westchester County, to see his father. That evening there was a service of thanksgiving at the village church, after which the citizens repaired to the Jay mansion, one story high and eighty feet long, where a barrel of cider was tapped, and " a groce of Church Wardens " passed around, with free tobacco for all.

John Jay stood on the front porch and made a modest speech just five minutes long, among other things saying he had come home to be a neighbor to them, having quit public life for good. But he refused to talk about his own experiences in Europe. His reticence, however, was made up for by good old Peter Jay, who assured

the people that John Jay was America's foremost citizen; and in this statement he was backed up by the village preacher, with not a dissenting voice from the assembled citizens.

It is rather curious (or it is n't, I 'm not sure which) how most statesmen have quit public life several times during their careers, like the prima donnas who make farewell tours. The ingratitude of republics is proverbial, but to limit ingratitude to republics shows a lack of experience. The progeny of the men who tired of hearing Aristides called The Just are very numerous. Of course it is easy to say that he who expects gratitude does not deserve it; but the fact remains that the men who know it are yet stung by calumny when it comes their way ❧ ❧

That fine demonstration in Jay's honor was in great part to overwhelm and stamp out the undertone of growl and snarl that filled the air. Many said that peace had been gained at awful cost, that Jay had deferred to royalty and trifled with the wishes of the people in making terms.

And now Jay had got home, back to his family and farm, back to quiet and rest. The long, hard fight had been won and America was free. For eight years had he toiled and striven and planned: much had been accomplished—not all he hoped, but much.

He had done his best for his country, his own affairs were in bad shape, Congress had paid him meagerly,

and now he would turn public life over to others and live his own life.

All through life men reach these places where they say, "Here will we build three tabernacles"; but out of the silence comes the imperative Voice, "Arise, and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest."

And now the war was over, peace was concluded; but war leaves a country in chaos. The long, slow work of reconstruction and of binding up a nation's wounds must follow. America was independent, but she had yet to win from the civilized world the recognition that she must have in order to endure.

Jay was importuned by Washington to take the position of Secretary of Foreign Affairs, one of the most important offices to be filled.

He accepted, and discharged the exacting duties of the place for five years.

Then came the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and the election of Washington as President of the United States.

Washington wrote to Jay: "There must be a Court, perpetual and Supreme, to which all questions of internal dispute between States or people be referred. This Court must be greater than the Executive, greater than any individual State, separated and apart from any political party. You must be the first official head of the Executive."

And Jay, as every schoolboy knows, was the first Chief

Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. By his sagacity, his dignity, his knowledge of men, and love of order and uprightness, he gave it that high place which it yet holds, and which it must hold; for when the decisions of the Supreme Court are questioned by a State or people, the fabric of our government is but a spider's web through which anarchy and unreason will stalk.

In Seventeen Hundred Ninety-four, came serious complications with Great Britain, growing out of the construction of terms of peace made in Paris eleven years before

Some one must go to Great Britain and make a new treaty in order to preserve our honor and save us from another war.

Franklin was dead; Adams as Vice-President could not be spared; Hamilton's fiery temper was dangerous—no one could accomplish the delicate mission so well as Jay.

¶ Jay, self-centered and calm, said little; but in compliance with Washington's wish resigned his office, and set sail with full powers to use his own judgment in everything, and the assurance that any treaty he made would be ratified.

Arriving in England, he at once opened negotiations with Lord Grenville, and in five months the new treaty was signed.

It provided for the payment to American citizens for losses of private shipping during the war; and over ten

million dollars were paid to citizens of the United States under this agreement ☙ It fixed the boundary-line between the State of Maine and Canada; provided for the surrender of British posts in the Far West; that neither nation was to allow enlistments within its territory by a third nation at war with another; arranged for the surrender of fugitives charged with murder or forgery; and made definite terms as to various minor, but none the less important, questions.

A storm of opposition greeted the treaty when its terms were made known in America. Jay was accused of bartering away the rights of America, and indignation meetings were held, because Jay had not insisted on apologies, and set sums of indemnity on this, that and the other.

Nevertheless, Washington ratified the treaty; and when Jay arrived in America there was a greeting fully as cordial and generous as that on the occasion of his other homecoming ☙ ☙

In fact, while he was absent, his friends had put him in nomination as Governor of New York. His election to that office occurred just two days before he arrived, and when he landed his senses were mystified by hearing loud hurrahs for "Governor Jay."

When his term of office expired he was re-elected, so he served as Governor, in all, six years. The most important measure carried out during that time was the abolition of slavery in the State of New York, an act

he had strenuously insisted on for twenty years, but which was not made possible until he had the power of Governor, and crowded the measure upon the Legislature

Over a quarter of a century had passed since John Adams and John Jay had met on horseback out there on the New Jersey turnpike. Their intimacy had been continuous and their labors as important as ever engrossed the minds of men, but in it all there was neither jealousy nor bickering. They were friends

At the close of Jay's gubernatorial term, President Adams nominated him for the office of Chief Justice, made vacant by the resignation of Oliver Ellsworth. The Senate unanimously confirmed the nomination, but Jay refused to accept the place.

For twenty-eight years he had served his country—served it in its most trying hours. He was not an old man in years, but the severity and anxiety of his labors had told on his health, and the elasticity of youth had gone from his brain forever. He knew this, and feared the danger of continued exertion. "My best work is done," he said; "if I continue I may undo the good I have accomplished. I have earned a rest."

He retired to the ancestral farm at Bedford, Westchester County, to enjoy his vacation. In a year his wife died, and the shock told on his already shattered nerves

"The habit of reticence grew upon him," says one

writer, "until he could not be tricked into giving an opinion even about the weather."

And so he lived out his days as a partial recluse, deep in problems of "raising watermelons, and sheep that would not jump fences." He worked with his hands, wore blue jeans, voted at every town election, but to a great degree lived only in the past. The problems of church and village politics and farm life filled his declining days.

To a great degree his physical health came back, but the problems of statecraft he left to other heads and hands

His religious nature manifested itself in various philanthropic schemes, and the Bible Society he founded endures even unto this day. These things afforded a healthful exercise for that tireless brain which refused to run down.

His daughters made his home ideal, their love and gentleness soothing his declining years.

Death to him was kindly, gathering him as Autumn, the messenger of Winter, reaps the leaves.

JOHN JAY

NO one has ever made the claim that Jay possessed genius. He had something which is better, though, for most of the affairs of life, and that is commonsense. In his intellect there was not the flash of Hamilton, nor the creative quality possessed by Jefferson, nor the large all-roundness of Franklin ☙ He was the average man who has trained and educated and made the best use of every faculty and every opportunity. He was genuine; he was honest; and if he never surprised his friends by his brilliancy, he surely never disappointed them through duplicity ☙ He made no promises that he could not keep; he held out no vain hopes.

As a diplomat he seems nearly the ideal. We have been taught that the line of demarcation between diplomacy and untruth is very shadowy. But truth is very good policy and in the main answers the purpose much better than the other thing. I am quite willing to leave the matter to those who have tried both.

We can not say that Jay was " magnetic," for magnetic men win the rabble; but Jay did better: he won the confidence and admiration of the strong and discerning. His manner was gentle and pleasing; his words few, and as a listener he set a pace that all novitiates in the school of diplomacy would do well to follow.

To talk well is a talent, but to listen is a fine art. If I really wished to win the love of a man I 'd practise the art of listening. Even dull people often talk well when

there is some one near who cultivates the receptive mood; and to please a man you must give him an opportunity to be both wise and witty. Men are pleased with their friends when they are pleased with themselves, and no man is ever so pleased with himself as when he has expressed himself well.

The sympathetic listener at a lecture or sermon is the only one who gets his money's worth. If you would get good, lend your sympathy to a speaker, and if, accidentally, you imbibe heresy, you can easily throw it overboard when you get home.

John Jay was quiet and undemonstrative in speech, cultivating a fine reserve. In debate he never fired all his guns, and his best battles were won with the powder that was never exploded. " You had always better keep a small balance to your credit," he once advised a young attorney.

When the first Congress met, Jay was not in favor of complete independence from England. He asked only for simple justice, and said, " The middle course is best." He listened to John Adams and Patrick Henry and quietly discussed the matter with Samuel Adams; but it was some time before he saw that the density of King George was hopeless, and that the work of complete separation was being forced upon the Colonies by the blindness and stupidity of the British Parliament. ¶ He then accepted the issue.

During those first days of the Revolution, New York

did not stand firm, as did Boston, for the cause of independence. "The foes at home are the only ones I really fear," once wrote Hamilton.

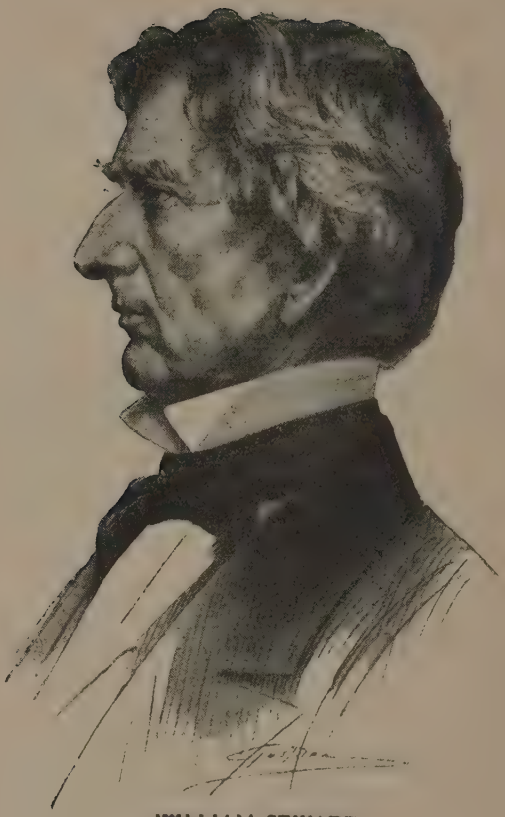
First to pacify and placate, then to win and hold those worse than neutrals, was the work of John Jay. While Washington was in the field, Jay, with tireless pen, upheld the cause, and by his speech and presence kept anarchy at bay.

As president of the Committee of Safety he showed he could do something more than talk and write. When Tories refused to take the oath of allegiance he quietly wrote the order to imprison or banish; and with friend, foe or kinsman there was neither dalliance nor turning aside. His heart was in the cause—his property, his life. The time for argument had passed.

In the gloom that followed the defeat of Washington at Brooklyn, Jay issued an address to the people that is a classic in its fine, stern spirit of hope and strength. Congress had the address reprinted and sent broadcast, and also translated and printed in German.

His work divides itself by a strange coincidence into three equal parts. Twenty-eight years were passed in youth and education; twenty-eight years in continuous public work; and twenty-eight years in retirement and rest. ¶ As one of that immortal ten, mentioned by a great English statesman, who gave order, dignity, stability and direction to the cause of American Independence, the name of John Jay is secure.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD



WILLIAM SEWARD

I avow my adherence to the Union, with my friends, with my party, with my State; or without either, as they may determine; in every event of peace or war, with every consequence of honor or dishonor, of life or death.

—*Speech in the United States Senate, 1860*

WILLIAM H. SEWARD

HEN I was a freshman at the Little Red Schoolhouse, the last exercise in the afternoon was spelling. The larger pupils stood in a line that ran down one aisle and curled clear around the stove. Well do I remember one Winter when the biggest boy in the school stood at the tail-end of the class most of the time, while at the head of the line, or always very near it, was a freckled, check-aproned girl, who once at a spellin'-bee had defeated even the teacher. This girl was ten years older than myself, and I was then too small to spell with this first grade, but I watched the daily fight of wrestling with such big words as " un-in-ten-tion-al-ly " and " mis-un-der-stand-ing," and longed for a day when I, too, should take part and possibly stand next to this fine, smart girl, who often smiled at me approvingly. And I planned how I would hold her hand as we would stand there in line and mentally dare the master to come on with his dictionary. We two would be the smartest scholars of the school and always help each other in our " sums."

Yet when time had pushed me into the line, she of the check apron was not there, and even if she had been I should not have dared to hold her hand.

But I must not digress—the particular thing I wish to explain is that one day at recess the best scholar was in tears, and I went to her and asked what was the matter, and she told me that some of the big girls had openly declared that she—my fine, freckled girl, the check-aproned, the invincible—held her place at the head of the school only through favoritism.

I burned with rage and resentment and proposed fight; then I burst out crying and together we mingled our tears ☙ ☙

All this was long ago. Since then I have been in many climes, and met many men, and read history a bit—I hope not without profit. And this I have learned: that the person who stands at the head of his class (be he country lad or presidential candidate) is always the target for calumny and the unkindness of contemporaries who can neither appreciate nor understand ☙

Not long ago I spent several days at Auburn, New York, so named by some pioneer who, when the Nineteenth Century was very young, journeyed thitherward with a copy of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" in his pack.

Auburn is a flourishing city of thirty thousand inhabitants. It has beautiful wide streets, lined with elms that in places form an archway. There are churches to spare and schools galore and handsome residences. Then there are electric cars and electric lights and dynamos, with which men electricute other men in

the wink of an eye. I saw the " fin-de-siecle " guillotine and sat in the chair, and the jubilant patentee told me that it was the quickest scheme for extinguishing life ever invented—patented Anno Christi Eighteen Hundred Ninety-five. Verily we live in the age of the Push-Button! And as I sat there I heard a laugh that was a quaver, and the sound of a stout cane emphasizing a jest struck against the stone floor.

" We did n't have such things when I was a boy! " came the tremulous voice.

And then the newcomer explained to me that he was eighty-seven years old last May, and that he well remembered a time when a plain oaken gallows and a strong rope were good enough for Auburn—" provided Bill Seward did n't get the fellow free," added my new-found friend.

Then the old man explained that he used to be a guard on the walls, and now he had a grandson who occupied the same office, and in answer to my question said he knew Seward as though he were a brother. " Bill, he was the luckiest man ever in Auburn—he married rich and tumbled over bags of money if he just walked on the street. He believed in neither God nor devil and had a pompous way o' makin' folks think he knew all about everything. To make folks think you know is just as well as to know, I s'pose! " and the old man laughed and struck his cane on the echoing floor of the cell

The sound and the place and the company gave me a creepy feeling, and I excused myself and made my way out past armed guards, through doorways where iron bars clicked and snapped, and steel bolts that held in a thousand men shot back to let me out, out into a freer air and a better atmosphere. And as I passed through the last overhanging arch where a one-armed guard wearing a G. A. R. badge turned a needlessly big key, there came unbeckoned across my inward sight a vision of a check-aproned girl in tears, sobbing with head on desk. And I said to myself: " Yes, yes! country girl or statesman, you shall drink the bitter potion that is the penalty of success—drink it to the very dregs. If you would escape moral and physical assassination, do nothing, say nothing, be nothing—court obscurity, for only in oblivion does safety lie."

All mud sticks, but no mud is immortal, and that senile fling at the name of Seward is the last flickering, dying word of detraction that can be heard in the town that was his home for full half a century, or in the land he served so well. And yet it was in Auburn that mob spirit once found a voice; and when Seward was Lincoln's most helpful adviser, and his sons were at the front serving the country's cause, cries of " Burn his house! Burn his house! " came to the distracted ears of wife and daughter.

But all that has gone now. In fact, denial that calumny was ever offered to the name of Seward springs quickly

to the lips of Auburn men, as they point with pride to that beautiful old home where he lived, and where now his son resides; and then they lead you, with a reverence that nearly uncovers, to the stately bronze standing on the spot that was once his garden—now a park belonging to the people.

Time marks wondrous changes; and the city where William Lloyd Garrison lived in "a rat-hole," as reported by Boston's Mayor, now honors Commonwealth Avenue with his statue. And so the sons of Seward's enemies have devoted willing dollars to preserving "that classic face and spindling form" in deathless bronze

And they do well, for Seward's name and fame are Auburn's glory.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD

I MAY be mistaken, but it seems to me that all the worry of the world is quite useless. And on no subject affecting mortals is there so much worry as on that of (no, not love!) parents' ambitions for their children. When the dimpled darling toddles and lisps and chatters, the satisfaction he gives is unalloyed; for he is so small and insignificant, his demands so imperious, that the entire household dance attendance on the wee tyrant, and count it joy. But by and by the things at which we used to laugh become presumptuous, and that which was once funny is now perverse. And the more practical a man is, the larger his stock of Connecticut commonsense, the greater his disillusionment as his children grow to manhood. When he beholds dawdling inanity and dowdy vanity growing lush as jimson, where yesterday, with strained prophetic vision, he saw budding excellence and worth, his soul is wrung by a worry that knows no peace. The matter is so poignantly personal that he dare not share it with another in confessional, and so he hugs his grief to his heart, and tries to hide it even from himself.

And thus does many a mother scrub the kitchen-floor on her knees, rather than face the irony of maternity and ask the assistance of the seventeen-year-old pert chit with bangs, who strums a mandolin in the little front parlor, gay with its paper flowers, six plush-covered chairs and a " company " sofa.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD

The late Commodore Vanderbilt is reported to have said, " I have over a dozen sons, and not one is worth a damn." I fear me that every father with sons grown to manhood has at some time voiced the same sentiment, curtailed, possibly, only as to numbers, and softened by another expletive, which does not mitigate the anguish of his cry, as he sees the dreams he had for his baby boys fade away into a mist of agonizing tears. ¶ And is all this worry the penalty that Nature exacts for dreaming dreams that can not in their very nature come true? Jean Jacques Rousseau, who wrote so beautifully on child-study, avoided the risk of failure by putting his children into an asylum; several " Communities " since have set apart certain women to be mothers to all, and bring up and care for the young, and strangely, with no apparent loss to the children; and Bellamy prophesies a day when the worries of parenthood will all be transferred to a " committee." ¶ But the worry is futile and senseless, being born often of a blindness that will not wait. Man has not only " Seven Ages," but many more, and he must pass through this one before the next arrives. The Commodore certainly possessed what is called horse-sense, and if his conceptions of character had been clearer, he might have realized that in more ways than one the abilities of his sons were going to be greater than his own. His eldest son was, nevertheless, banished to a Long Island farm on a pension, " because he could not be

trusted to do business." The same son once modestly asked the Commodore if he would allow him to have the compost that had been for a year accumulating outside the Fifth Avenue barns. " Just one load, and no more," said pater. William thereupon took twenty teams and as many men, and transferred the entire pile to a barge moored in the river. It was a barge-load. And when pater saw what had been done, he said, " The boy is not so big a fool as I thought." The boy was forty-five ere death put him in possession of the gold that the father no longer had use for, there being no pockets in a shroud, and he then showed that as a financier he could have given his father points, for in a few years he doubled the millions and drove horses faster without a break than his father had ever ridden. ¶ Seward's father was a doctor, justice of the peace, merchant, and the general first citizen of the village of Florida, Orange County, New York. And he had no more confidence in his boy William than Vanderbilt had in his. He educated him only because the lad was not strong enough to work, and it seems to have been the firm belief that the boy would come to no good end. In order to discipline him, the father put the youngster in college on such a scanty allowance that the lad was obliged to run away and go to teaching school in order to be free from financial humiliation. Here was the best possible proof that the young man had the germs of excellence in him; but the father took it as a proof of

depravity, and sent warning letters to the young schoolteacher's friends threatening them "not to harbor the scapegrace." ❧ ❧

The years went by and the parental distrust slackened very little. The boy was slim and slender and his hair was tow-colored and his head too big for his body. He had gotten a goodly smattering of education some way and was intent on being a lawyer. He seemed to know that if he was to succeed he must get well away from the parent nest, and out of the reach of daily advice ❧ His desire was to go "Out West," and the particular objective point was Auburn, New York.

The father gave him fifty dollars as a starter, with the final word, "I expect you 'll be back all too soon." ❧ And so young Seward started away, with high hopes and a firm determination that he would agreeably disappoint his parents by not going back.

He reached Albany by steamboat, and embarked on a sumptuous canal packet that bore a waving banner on which were the words woven in gold, "Westward Ho!" ¶ And he has slyly told us how, as he stepped aboard that "inland palace," he bethought him of having written a thesis, three years before, proving that DeWitt Clinton's chimera of joining the Hudson and Lake Erie was an idea both fictile and fibrous. But the inland palace carried him safely and surely. He reached Auburn, and instead of writing home for more money, returned that which he had borrowed. The father, who

was a pretty good man in every way, quite beyond the average in intellect, lived to see his son in the United States Senate.

And the moral for parents is: Don't worry about your children. You were young once, even if you have forgotten the fact. Boys will be boys and girls will be girls—but not forever. Have patience, and remember that this present brood is not the first generation that has been brought forth. There have been others, and each has been very much like the one that passed before. The sentiment of "Pippa Passes" holds: "God 's in His Heaven, all 's right with the world."

WILLIAM H. SEWARD

IN Eighteen Hundred Thirty-four, Seward was the Whig candidate for Governor of New York. He was defeated by W. L. Marcy. Four years later he was again a candidate against Marcy and defeated him by ten thousand majority ❧ Seward was then thirty-six years of age, and was counted one of the very first among the lawyers of the State, and in accepting the office of Governor he made decided financial sacrifices.

Seward was a man of positive ideas, and, although not arbitrary in manner, yet had a silken strength of will that made great rents in the mesh of other men's desires. Before a court, his quiet but firm persistence along a certain line often dictated the verdict. The faculty of grasping a point firmly and securely was his in a marked measure. And any man who can quietly override the wishes and ambitions of other men is first well feared, and then thoroughly hated.

One of Seward's first efforts on becoming Governor was to insure a common-school education among the children of every class, and especially among the foreign population of large cities. To this end he advocated a distribution of public funds among all schools established with that object; and if he were alive today it is quite needless to say he would not belong to the A. P. A. nor to any other secret society. He knew too much of all religions to have complete faith in any, yet his appreciation of the fact that the Catholics minister to the needs

of a class that no other denomination reaches or can control was outspoken and plain. This, with his connection with the Anti-Masonic Party, brought upon his name a stigma that was at last to defeat him for the Presidency. Seward's clear insight into practical things, backed by the quiet working energy of his nature, brought about many changes, and the changes he effected and the reforms he inaugurated must ever rank his name high among statesmen.

By his influence the law's delay in the courts of chancery was curtailed, and this prepared the way for radical changes in the Constitution. He inaugurated the geological survey that led to making "Potsdam outcrop" classic, and "Medina sandstone" a product that is so known wherever a man goes forth in the fields of earth carrying a geologist's hammer.

Largely through his efforts, a safe and general banking system was brought about; and the establishment of a lunatic asylum was one of the best items to his credit during that first term as Governor. But there was one philological change that proved too great even for his generalship. The word "lunacy," as we know, comes from "luna," the belief in the good old days being that the moon exercised a profound influence on the wits of sundry people. I 'm told that the idea still holds good in certain quarters, and that if the wind is east and the moon shows a horn on which you can hang a flatiron, certain persons are looked upon askance and the

children cautioned to avoid them. ¶ Seward said that insane people were simply those who were mentally ill, and that "Hospital" was the proper term. But the classicists retorted, "Nay, nay, William Henry, you have had your way in many things and here we will now have ours." It has taken us full a century officially to make the change, and the plain folks from the hills still refuse to ratify it, and will for many a lustrum.

It was during Seward's administration that the "debtors' prison" was done away with, and it was, too, through his earnest recommendation that the last trace of law for slaveholding was wiped from the statute-books of the State of New York.

The question of slavery was taken up most exhaustively in what was known as the "Virginia Controversy." This interesting correspondence can be seen in a stout volume in most public libraries. It is a series of letters that passed between Governor Seward of New York and the Governor of Virginia, as to the requisition of two persons in New York charged by the Governor of Virginia with abducting slaves. Seward made the patent point, and backed it up with a forest of reasons in politest English, that the accused persons being charged with abducting slaves, and there being no such thing as slaves known in New York, no person in New York could be apprehended for stealing slaves—for slaves were things that had no existence.

Then did the Governor of Virginia admit that slaves

could not be abducted in New York; but he proceeded to explain in lusty tomes that slavery legally existed in Virginia, and that if slaves were abducted in Virginia, the criminal nature of the act could not be shaken off because the accused changed his geographical base. Seward was a prince of logicians: the subtleties of reasoning and the smoke of rhetoric were to his fancy, and although there is not a visible smile in the whole "Virginia Controversy," I can not but think that his sleeves were puffed with laughter as he searched the universe for reasons to satisfy the haughty First Families of Virginia. And all the while, please note that he held the alleged abductors safe and secure 'gainst harm's way.

In this correspondence he placed himself on record as an Abolitionist of the Abolitionists; and the name of Seward became listed then and there for vengeance—or immortality. The subject had been forced upon him, and he then expressed the sentiment that he continued to voice until Eighteen Hundred Sixty-five, that America could not exist half-free and half-slave. It must be a land of slaveholders and slaves, or a land of freemen—he was fully and irrevocably committed to the cause ☙ ☙

In Eighteen Hundred Forty, he was re-elected Governor. The second administration was marked, as was the first, by a vigorous policy of pushing forward public improvements.

At the close of his second term Seward found his personal affairs in rather an unsettled condition, the expenses of official position having exceeded his income. He had had a goodly taste of the ingratitude of republics, and philosopher though he was, he was yet too young to know that his experience in well-doing was not unique, a fact he came to comprehend full well, in later years. And so he did that very human thing—declared his intention of retiring permanently from public life ☙ Once back at Auburn, clients flocked to him, and he took his pick of business. And yet we find that public affairs were in his mind. Vexed questions of State policy were brought to him to decide, and journeys were made to Ohio and Michigan in the interests of men charged with slave-stealing. There was little money in such practise and small honors, but his heart was in the work. ¶ In Eighteen Hundred Forty-four, Seward entered with much zest into the canvass in behalf of Henry Clay for President, as he thought Clay's election would surely lead the way to general emancipation.

In Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight, he supported General Taylor with equal energy. When Taylor was elected, there proved to be a great deal of opposition to him among the members from the South, in both the Senate and the House of Representatives. The administration felt the need of being backed by strong men in the Senate—men who could think on their feet, and carry a point when necessary against the opposition that sought

to confuse and embarrass the friends of the administration with tireless windmill elocution.

From Washington came the urgent request that Seward should be sent to the United States Senate. In Eighteen Hundred Forty-nine, he was chosen senator and from the first became the trusted leader of the administration party

The year after Seward's election to the Senate, President Taylor died and Vice-President Fillmore (who had the happiness to live in the village of East Aurora, New York) succeeded to the office, but Seward still remained leader of the Anti-Slavery Party.

Seward's second term as United States Senator closed in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one. In Eighteen Hundred Fifty-five, when his first term expired, there was a very strenuous effort made against his re-election. His strong and continued anti-slavery position had caused him to be thoroughly hated both North and South. He was spoken of as "a seditious agitator and a dangerous man."

But in spite of opposition he was again sent back to Washington. Small, slim, gentle, modest and low-voiced, he was pointed out in Pennsylvania Avenue as "one who reads much and sees quite through the deeds of men."

Men who are well traduced and hotly denounced are usually pretty good quality. No better encomium is needed than the detraction of some people. And men

who are well hated also have friends who love them well. Thus does the law of compensation ever live.

In Eighteen Hundred Fifty-six, there was a goodly little demonstration in favor of Seward for President, but the idea of running such a radical for the chief office of the people was quickly downed; and Seward himself knew the temper of the times too well to take the matter very seriously ☙ ☙

But the years between Eighteen Hundred Fifty-six and Eighteen Hundred Sixty were years of agitation and earnest thought, and the idea that slavery was merely a local question was getting both depolarized and dehorned. The non-slaveholding North was rubbing its sleepy eyes, and asking, Who is this man Seward, anyway? The belief was growing that Seward, Garrison, Sumner and Phillips were something more than self-seeking agitators, and many declared them true patriots. In every town and city, in every Northern State, political clubs sprang into being and their battle-cry was "Seward!" It seemed to be a foregone conclusion that Seward would be the next President. When the convention met, the first ballot showed one hundred seventy-three votes for Seward and one hundred two for Lincoln, the rest, scattering. But Seward's friends had marshaled their entire strength—all the rest was opposition—while Lincoln was an unknown quantity ☙ When the news went forth that Lincoln was nominated, Seward received the tidings in his library at Auburn;

and the myth-makers have told us that he cried aloud, and that the carved lions on his gateposts shed salty tears. But Seward knew the opposition to his name, and was of too stern a moral fiber to fix his heart upon the result of a wire-pulling convention. The motto of his life had been: Be prepared for the unexpected. It may be that the lions on the gateposts shed tears, and it is possible there was weeping in the Seward household—but not by Seward.

He entered upon a hearty and vigorous campaign in support of Lincoln—making a tour through the West and being greeted everywhere with an enthusiasm that rivaled that shown for the candidate.

Seward said to his wife, when the news came that Lincoln was nominated: "He will be elected, but he will have to face the greatest difficulties and carry the greatest burdens that ever a man has been called to bear. He will need me, but look you, my dear, I will not serve under him. I must be at the head or nowhere."

Lincoln knew Seward, and Seward didn't know Lincoln. And so after the Convention Lincoln journeyed down East. It took two days to go from Chicago to Buffalo, and there were no sleeping-cars; and then Lincoln went on from Buffalo to Auburn—another day's journey. Lincoln wore his habitual duster and the tall hat, a little the worse for wear. He telegraphed Seward he was coming, and, of course, Seward met

him at the station in Auburn. Lincoln got off the car alone, unattended, carrying his carpetbag, homemade, with the initials "A. L." embroidered on the side by the fair hands of Fannie Anna Rebecca Todd.

Seward and his two sons—William and Frederick—met the coming President, and the boys laughed at the dusty, uncouth, sad and awkward individual, six feet five, who disembarked.

The carriage was waiting, but Lincoln refused to ride, saying, "Boys, let's walk," and so they walked up the hill, in through past the stone gateposts where the lions stood that shed tears. Seward ran ahead into the house and said to his wife: "Look you, my dear, we have misjudged this man. Do not laugh. He is the greatest man in the world!"

Three months later, Seward met Lincoln by appointment in Chicago; and from that time on, to the day of Lincoln's death, Seward served his chief with hands and feet, with eyes and ears, and with brain and soul. When Lincoln was elected, his wisdom was at once manifest in securing Seward as Secretary of State. The record of those troublous times and the masterly way in which Seward served his country are too vivid in the minds of men to need reviewing here, but the regard of Lincoln for this man, who so well complemented his own needs is worthy of our remembrance. Seward and Welles were the only members of Lincoln's first Cabinet who stood by him straight through and entered the second.

Early in April, Eighteen Hundred Sixty-five, Seward met with a serious accident by being thrown from his carriage and dashed against the curbstone. One arm and both jaws were fractured, and besides he was badly bruised in other parts of his body. On April Thirteenth, Lincoln returned from his trip to Richmond, where he had had an interview with Grant. That evening he walked over from the White House to Seward's residence. The stricken man was totally unable to converse, but Lincoln, sitting on the edge of the bed and holding the old man's thin hands, told in solemn, serious monotone of the ending of the war; of what he had seen and heard; of the plans he had made for sending soldiers home and providing for an army whipped and vanquished, and of what was best to do to bind up a nation's wounds. ¶ Five years before, these men had stood before the world as rivals. Then they joined hands as friends, and during the four years of strife and blood had met each day and advised and counseled concerning every great detail. Their opinions often differed widely, but there was always frank expression and, in the main, their fears and doubts and hopes had all been one.

But now at last the smoke had cleared away, and they had won. The victory had been too dearly bought for proud boast or vain exultation, but victory still it was. ¶ And as the strong and homely Lincoln told the tale the stricken man could answer back only by pressure of a hand.

At last the presence of the nurse told Lincoln it was time to go; in grave jest he half-apologized for his long stay, and told of a man in Sangamon County who used to say there is no medicine like good news. And rumor has it that he then stooped and kissed the sick man's cheek. And then he went his way. ¶ The next night at the same hour a man entered the Seward home, saying that he had been sent with messages by the doctor. Being refused admittance to the sick-chamber, he drew a pistol and endeavored to shoot Seward's son who guarded the door; but being foiled in this he crushed the young man's skull with the heavy weapon, and springing over his body dashed at the emaciated figure of Seward with uplifted dagger. A dozen times he struck at the face and throat and breast of the almost dying man, and then thinking he had done his work made rapidly away.

At the same time, linked by Fate in a sort of poetic justice, with the thought that if one deserved death so did the other, Hate had with surer aim sent an assassin's bullet home—and Lincoln died.

Weeks passed and the strong vitality that had served Seward in such good stead did not forsake him. Men of his stamp are hard to kill.

On a beautiful May-day, Seward, so reduced that a woman carried him, was taken out on the veranda of his house and watched that solid mass of glittering steel and faded blue that moved through Pennsylvania

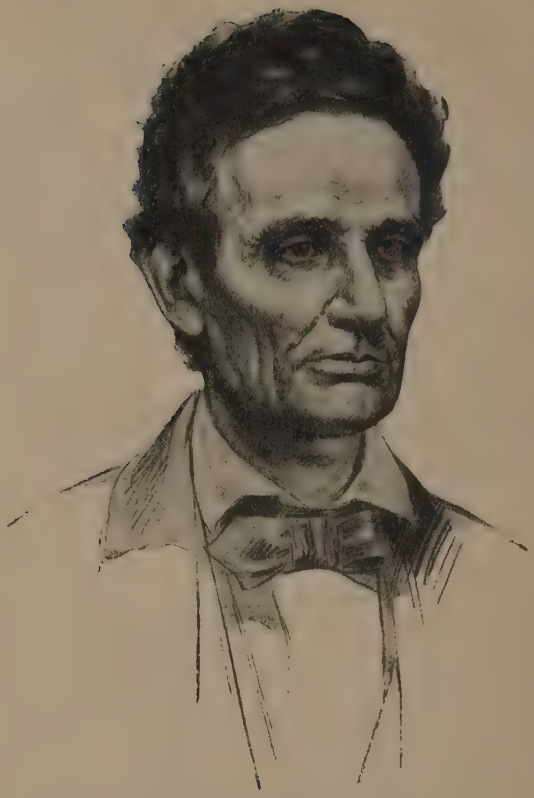
Avenue in triumphal march. Sherman with head uncovered rode down to Seward's home, saluted, and then back to join his goodly company, and many others of lesser note did the same.

Health and strength came slowly back, and happy was the day when he was carried to the office of Secretary of State and, propped in his chair, again began his work. Another President had come, but meet it was that the Secretary of State should still hold his place.

Seward lived full eleven years after that, seemingly dragging with unquenched spirit that slashed and broken form. But the glint did not fade from his eye, nor did the proud head lose its poise.

He died in his office among his books and papers, sane and sensible up to the very moment when his spirit took its flight.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—*Speech at Gettysburg.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

NO, dearie, I do not think my childhood differed much from that of other good healthy country youngsters. I 've heard folks say that childhood has its sorrows and all that, but the sorrows of country children do not last long. The young rustic goes out and tells his troubles to the birds and flowers, and the flowers nod in recognition, and the robin that sings from the top of a tall poplar-tree when the sun goes down says plainly it has sorrows of its own—and understands.

I feel a pity for all those folks who were born in a big city, and thus got cheated out of their childhood. Zealous ash-box inspectors in gilt braid, prying policemen with clubs, and signs reading, " Keep Off the Grass," are woeful things to greet the gaze of little souls fresh from God.

Last Summer six " Fresh Airs " were sent out to my farm, from the Eighth Ward. Half an hour after their arrival, one of them, a little girl five years old, who had constituted herself mother of the party, came rushing into the house exclaiming, " Say, Mister, Jimmy Driscoll he 's walkin' on de grass! "

I well remember the first Keep-Off-the-Grass sign I ever saw. It was in a printed book; it was n't exactly a sign,

only a picture of a sign, and the single excuse I could think of for such a notice was that the field was full of bumblebee-nests, and the owner, being a good man and kind, did not want barefoot boys to add bee-stings to stone-bruises. And I never now see one of those signs but that I glance at my feet to make sure that I have shoes on ☙ ☙

Given the liberty of the country, the child is very near to Nature's heart; he is brother to the tree and calls all the dumb, growing things by name. He is sublimely superstitious. His imagination, as yet untouched by disillusion, makes good all that earth lacks, and habited in a healthy body the soul sings and soars.

In childhood, magic and mystery lie close around us. The world in which we live is a panorama of constantly unfolding delights, our faith in the Unknown is limitless, and the words of Job, uttered in mankind's early morning, fit our wondering mood: " He stretcheth out the north over empty space, and hangeth the earth upon nothing." ☙ ☙

I am old, dearie, very old. In my childhood much of the State of Illinois was a prairie, where wild grass waved and bowed before the breeze, like the tide of a summer sea. I remember when " relatives " rode miles and miles in springless farm-wagons to visit cousins, taking the whole family and staying two nights and a day; when books were things to be read; when the beaver and the buffalo were not extinct; when wild pigeons came in

clouds that shadowed the sun; when steamboats ran on the Sangamon; when Bishop Simpson preached; when Hell was a place, not a theory, and Heaven a locality whose fortunate inhabitants had no work to do; when Chicago newspapers were ten cents each; when cotton cloth was fifty cents a yard, and my shirt was made from a flour-sack, with the legend, "Extra XXX," across my proud bosom, and just below the words in flaming red, "Warranted Fifty Pounds!"

The mornings usually opened with smothered protests against getting up, for country folks then were extremists in the matter of "early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." We had n't much wealth, nor were we very wise, but we had health to burn. But aside from the unpleasantness of early morning, the day was full of possibilities of curious things to be found in the barn and under spreading gooseberry-bushes, or if it rained, the garret was an Alsatia unexplored.

The evolution of the individual mirrors the evolution of the race. In the morning of the world man was innocent and free; but when self-consciousness crept in and he possessed himself of that disturbing motto, "Know Thyself," he took a fall.

Yet knowledge usually comes to us with a shock, just as the mixture crystallizes when the chemist gives the jar a tap. We grow by throes.

I well remember the day when I was put out of my

Eden. ¶ My father and mother had gone away in the one-horse wagon, taking the baby with them, leaving me in care of my elder sister. It was a stormy day and the air was full of fog and mist. It did not rain very much, only in gusts, but great leaden clouds chased each other angrily across the sky. It was very quiet there in the little house on the prairie, except when the wind came and shook the windows and rattled at the doors. The morning seemed to drag and would n't pass, just out of contrariness; and I wanted it to go fast because in the afternoon my sister was to take me somewhere, but where I did not know, but that we should go somewhere was promised again and again.

As the day wore on we went up into the little garret and strained our eyes across the stretching prairie to see if some one was coming. There had been much rain, for on the prairie there was always too much rain or else too little. It was either drought or flood. Dark swarms of wild ducks were in all the ponds; V-shaped flocks of geese and brants screamed overhead, and down in the slough cranes danced a solemn minuet.

Again and again we looked for the coming something, and I began to cry, fearing we had been left there, forgotten of Fate.

At last we went out by the barn and, with much boosting, I climbed to the top of the haystack and my sister followed. And still we watched.

" There they come! " exclaimed my sister.

"There they come!" I echoed, and clapped two red, chapped hands for joy.

Away across the prairie, miles and miles away, was a winding string of wagons, a dozen perhaps, one right behind another. We watched until we could make out our own white horse, Bob, and then we slid down the hickory pole that leaned against the stack, and made our way across the spongy sod to the burying-ground that stood on a knoll half a mile away.

We got there before the procession, and saw a great hole, with square corners, dug in the ground. It was half-full of water, and a man in bare feet, with trousers rolled to his knees, was working industriously to bail it out

The wagons drove up and stopped. And out of one of them four men lifted a long box and set it down beside the hole where the man still bailed and dipped. The box was opened and in it was Si Johnson. Si lay very still, and his face was very blue, and his clothes were very black, save for his shirt, which was very white, and his hands were folded across his breast, just so, and held awkwardly in the stiff fingers was a little New Testament. We all looked at the blue face, and the women cried softly. The men took off their hats while the preacher prayed, and then we sang, "There 'll be no more parting there."

The lid of the box was nailed down, lines were taken from the harness of one of the teams standing by and

were placed around the long box, and it was lowered with a splash into the hole. Then several men seized spades and the clods fell with clatter and echo. The men shoveled very hard, filling up the hole, and when it was full and heaped up, they patted it all over with the backs of their spades.

Everybody remained until this was done, and then we got into the wagons and drove away.

Nearly a dozen of the folks came over to our house for dinner, including the preacher, and they all talked of the man who was dead and how he came to die.

Only two days before, this man, Si Johnson, stood in the doorway of his house and looked out at the falling rain. It had rained for three days, so that they could not plow, and Si was angry. Besides this, his two brothers had enlisted and gone away to the War and left him all the work to do. He did not go to War because he was a "Copperhead"; and as he stood there in the doorway looking at the rain, he took a chew of tobacco, and then he swore a terrible oath.

And ere the swear-words had escaped from his lips, there came a blinding flash of lightning, and the man fell all in a heap like a sack of oats.

And he was dead.

Whether he died because he was a Copperhead, or because he took a chew of tobacco, or because he swore, I could not exactly understand. I waited for a convenient lull in the conversation and asked the preacher

why the man died, and he patted me on the head and told me it was " the vengeance of God," and that he hoped I would grow up and be a good man and never chew tobacco nor swear.

The preacher is alive now. He is an old, old man with long, white whiskers, and I never see him but that I am tempted to ask for the exact truth as to why Si Johnson was struck by lightning.

Yet I suppose it was because he was a Copperhead: all Copperheads chewed tobacco and swore, and that his fate was merited no one but the living Copperheads in that community doubted.

That was an eventful day to me. Like men whose hair turns from black to gray in a night, I had left babyhood behind at a bound, and the problems of the world were upon me, clamoring for solution.

THERE was war in the land. When it began I did not know, but that it was something terrible I could guess. I thought of it all the rest of the day and dreamed of it at night. Many men had gone away; and every day men in blue straggled by, all going south, forever south.

And all the men straggling along that road stopped to get a drink at our well, drawing the water with the sweep, and drinking out of the bucket, and squirting a mouthful of water over each other. They looked at my father's creaking doctor's sign, and sang, " Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard."

They all sang that. They were very jolly, just as though they were going to a picnic. Some of them came back that way a few years later and they were not so jolly. And some there were who never came back at all.

Freight-trains passed southward, blue with men in the cars, and on top of the cars, and in the caboose, and on the cowcatcher, always going south and never north. For " Down South " were many Rebels, and all along the way south were Copperheads, and they all wanted to come north and kill us, so soldiers had to go down there and fight them.

And I marveled much that if God hated Copperheads, as our preacher said He did, why He did n't send lightning and kill them, just in a second, as He had Si Johnson. And then all that would have to be done would be to send for a doctor to see that they were surely

dead, and a preacher to pray, and the neighbors would dress them in their best Sunday suits of black, folding their hands very carefully across their breasts, then we would bury them deep, filling in the dirt and heaping it up, patting it all down very carefully with the back of a spade, and then go away and leave them until Judgment-Day.

Copperheads were simply men who hated Lincoln. The name came from copperhead-snakes, which are worse than rattlers, for rattlers rattle and give warning. A rattler is an open enemy, but you never know that a copperhead is around until he strikes. He lies low in the swale and watches his chance. "He is the worstest snake that am."

It was Abe Lincoln of Springfield who was fighting the Rebels that were trying to wreck the country and spread red ruin. The Copperheads were wicked folks at the North who sided with the Rebels. Society was divided into two classes: those who favored Abe Lincoln, and those who told lies about him. All the people I knew and loved, loved Abe Lincoln.

I was born at Bloomington, Illinois, through no choosing of my own, and Bloomington is further famous as being the birthplace of the Republican party. When a year old I persuaded my parents to move seven miles north to the village of Hudson, that then had five houses, a church, a store and a blacksmith-shop. Many of the people I knew, knew Lincoln, for he used to come to

Bloomington several times a year " on the circuit " to try cases, and at various times made speeches there. When he came he would tell stories at the Ashley House, and when he was gone these stories would be repeated by everybody. Some of these stories must have been peculiar, for I once heard my mother caution my father not to tell any more " Lincoln stories " at the dinner-table when we had company.

And once Lincoln gave a lecture at the Presbyterian Church on the " Progress of Man," when no one was there but the preacher, my Aunt Hannah and the sexton

My Uncle Elihu and Aunt Hannah knew Abe Lincoln well. So did Jesse Fell, James C. Conklin, Judge Davis, General Orme, Leonard Swett, Dick Yates and lots of others I knew. They never called him " Mister Lincoln," but it was always Abe, or Old Abe, or just plain Abe Lincoln. In that newly settled country you always called folks by their first names, especially when you liked them. And when they spoke the name, " Abe Lincoln," there was something in the voice that told of confidence, respect and affection.

Once when I was at my Aunt Hannah's, Judge Davis was there and I sat on his lap. Years afterward I boasted to Robert Ingersoll that when I wore trousers buttoned to a calico waist I used to sit on the lap of David Davis, and Colonel Ingersoll laughed and said, " Now I know you are a liar, for David Davis didn't

have any lap." The only thing about the interview I remember was that the Judge really did n't have any lap to speak of.

After Judge Davis had gone, Aunt Hannah said, " You must always remember Judge Davis, for he is the man who made Abe Lincoln! "

And when I said, " Why, I thought God made Lincoln," they all laughed.

After a little pause my inquiring mind caused me to ask, " Who made Judge Davis? " And Uncle Elihu answered, "Abe Lincoln."

Then they all laughed more than ever.

MANY volunteers were being called for. Neighbors and neighbors' boys were enlisting—going to the support of Abe Lincoln.

Then one day my father went away, too. Many of the neighbors went with us to the station when he took the four-o'clock train, and we all cried, except mother—she did n't cry until she got home. My father had gone to Springfield to enlist as a surgeon. In three days he came back and told us he had enlisted, and was to be assigned his regiment in a week, and go at once to the front. He was always a kind man, but during that week when he was waiting to be told where to go, he was very gentle and more kind than ever. He told me I must be the man of the house while he was away, and take care of my mother and sisters, and not forget to feed the chickens every morning; and I promised.

At the end of the week a big envelope came from Springfield marked in the corner, " Official."

My mother would not open it, and so it lay on the table until the doctor's return. We all looked at it curiously, and my eldest sister gazed on it long with lack-luster eye and then rushed from the room with her check apron over her head.

When my father rode up on horseback I ran to tell him that the envelope had come.

We all stood breathless and watched him break the seals. He took out the letter and read it silently and passed it to my mother.

I have the letter before me now, and it says: "The Department is still of the opinion that it does not care to accept men having varicose veins, which make the wearing of bandages necessary. Your name, however, has been filed and should we be able to use your services, will advise."

Then we were all very glad about the varicose veins, and I am afraid I went out and boasted to my playfellows about our family possessions.

It was not so very long after, that there was a Big Meeting in the "timber." People came from all over the county to attend it. The chief speaker was a man by the name of Ingersoll, a colonel in the army, who was back home for just a day or two on furlough. Folks said he was the greatest orator in Peoria County.

Early in the morning the wagons began to go by our house, and all along the four roads that led to the grove we could see great clouds of dust that stretched away for miles and miles and told that the people were gathering by the thousands. They came in wagons and on horseback, carrying babies; two boys on one horse were common sights; and there were various four-horse teams with wagons filled with girls all dressed in white, carrying flags.

All our folks went. My mother fastened the back door of our house with a bolt on the inside, and then locked the front door with a key, and hid the key under the doormat

At the grove there was much handshaking and visiting and asking after the folks and for the news. Several soldiers were present, among them a man who lived near us, called " Little Ramsey." Three one-armed men were there, and a man named Al Sweetser, who had only one leg. These men wore blue, and were seated on the big platform that was all draped with flags. Plank seats were arranged, and every plank held its quota. Just outside the seats hundred of men stood, and beyond these were wagons filled with people. Every tree in the woods seemed to have a horse tied to it, and the trees over the speakers' platform were black with men and boys. I never knew before that there were so many horses and people in the world.

When the speaking began, the people cheered, and then they became very quiet, and only the occasional squealing and stamping of the horses could be heard. Our preacher spoke first, and then the lawyer from Bloomington, and then came the great man from Peoria. The people cheered more than ever when he stood up, and kept hurrahing so long I thought they were not going to let him speak at all.

At last they quieted down, and the speaker began. His first sentence contained a reference to Abe Lincoln. The people applauded, and some one proposed three cheers for " Honest Old Abe." Everybody stood up and cheered, and I, perched on my father's shoulder, cheered too. And beneath the legend, " Warranted Fifty

Pounds," my heart beat proudly. Silence came at last—a silence filled only by the neighing and stamping of horses and the rapping of a woodpecker in a tall tree. Every ear was strained to catch the orator's first words. ¶ The speaker was just about to begin. He raised one hand, but ere his lips moved, a hoarse, guttural shout echoed through the woods, "Hurrah'h'h for Jeff Davis!!!" ℳ ℳ

"Kill that man!" rang a sharp, clear voice in instant answer ℳ ℳ

A rumble like an awful groan came from the vast crowd. My father was standing on a seat, and I had climbed to his shoulder. The crowd surged like a monster animal toward a tall man standing alone in a wagon. He swung a blacksnake whip around him, and the lash fell savagely on two gray horses. At a lunge, the horses, the wagon and the tall man had cleared the crowd, knocking down several people in their flight. One man clung to the tailboard. The whip wound with a hiss and a crack across his face, and he fell stunned in the roadway ℳ A clear space of full three hundred feet now separated the man in the wagon from the great throng, which with ten thousand hands seemed ready to tear him limb from limb. Revolver shots rang out, women screamed, and trampled children cried for help. Above it all was the roar of the mob. The orator, in vain pantomime, implored order.

I saw Little Ramsey drop off the limb of a tree astride

of a horse that was tied beneath, then lean over, and with one stroke of a knife sever the halter.

At the same time fifty other men seemed to have done the same thing, for flying horses shot out from different parts of the woods, all on the instant. The man in the wagon was half a mile away now, still standing erect. The gray horses were running low, with noses and tails outstretched.

The spread-out riders closed in a mass and followed at terrific speed. The crowd behind seemed to grow silent. We heard the patter-patter of barefoot horses ascending the long, low hill. One rider on a sorrel horse fell behind. He drew his horse to one side, and sitting over with one foot in the long stirrup, plied the sorrel across the flank with a big, white-felt hat. The horse responded, and crept around to the front of the flying mass

The wagon had disappeared over a gentle rise of ground, and then we lost the horsemen, too. Still we watched, and two miles across the prairie we got a glimpse of running horses in a cloud of dust, and into another valley they settled, and then we lost them for good

The speaking began again and went on amid applause and tears, with laughter set between.

I do not remember what was said, but after the speaking, as we made our way homeward, we met Little Ramsey and the young man who rode the sorrel horse.

They told us that they had caught the Copperhead after a ten-mile chase, and that he was badly hurt, for the wagon had upset and the fellow was beneath it. Ramsey asked my father to go at once to see what could be done for him ❧ The man, however, was quite dead when my father reached him. There was a purple mark around his neck; and the opinion seemed to be that he had got tangled up in the harness or something.

THE war-time months went dragging by, and the burden of gloom in the air seemed to lift; for when the Chicago "Tribune" was read each evening in the post-office it told of victories on land and sea. Yet it was a joy not untinged with black; for in the church across from our house, funerals had been held for farmer boys who had died in prison-pens and been buried in Georgia trenches. ¶ One youth there was, I remember, who had stopped to get a drink at our pump, and squirted a mouthful of water over me because I was handy.

One night the postmaster was reading aloud the names of the killed at Gettysburg, and he ran right on to the name of this boy. The boy's father sat there on a nail-keg, chewing a straw. The postmaster tried to shuffle over the name and on to the next.

"Hi! Wha—what 's that you said?"

"Killed in honorable battle—Snyder, Hiram," said the postmaster with a forced calmness.

The boy's father stood up with a jerk. Then he sat down. Then he stood up again and staggered his way to the door and fumbled for the latch like a blind man. ¶ "God help him! he 's gone to tell the old woman," said the postmaster as he blew his nose on a red handkerchief

The preacher preached a funeral sermon for the boy, and on the little pyramid that marked the family lot in the burying-ground they carved the words: "Killed

in honorable battle, Hiram Snyder, aged nineteen." Not long after, strange, yellow, bearded men in faded blue began to arrive. Great welcomes were given them; and at the regular Wednesday evening prayer-meeting thanksgivings were poured out for their safe return, with names of company and regiment duly mentioned for the Lord's better identification. Bees were held for some of these returned farmers, where twenty teams and fifty men, old and young, did a season's farm-work in a day, and split enough wood for a year. At such times the women would bring big baskets of provisions, and long tables would be set, and there were very jolly times, with cracking of many jokes that were veterans, and the day would end with pitching horseshoes, and at last with singing " Auld Lang Syne."

It was at one such gathering that a ghost appeared—a lank, saffron ghost, ragged as a scarecrow—wearing a foolish smile and the cape of a cavalryman's overcoat with no coat beneath it. The apparition was a youth of about twenty, with a downy beard all over his face, and countenance well mellowed with coal-soot, as though he had ridden several days on top of a freight-car that was near the engine. ¶ This ghost was Hiram Snyder. ¶ All forgave him the shock of surprise he caused us—all except the minister who had preached his funeral sermon. Years after I heard this minister remark in a solemn, grieved tone: " Hiram Snyder is a man who can not be relied on."

AS the years pass, the miracle of the seasons means less to us. But what country boy can forget the turning of the leaves from green to gold, and the watchings and waitings for the first hard frost that ushers in the nutting season! And then the first fall of snow, with its promise of skates and sleds and tracks of rabbits, and mayhap bears, and strange animals that only come out at night, and that no human eye has ever seen!

Beautiful are the seasons; and glad I am that I have not yet quite lost my love for each. But now they parade past with a curious swiftness! They look at me out of wistful eyes, and sometimes one calls to me as she goes by and asks, "Why have you done so little since I saw you last?" And I can only answer, "I was thinking of you."

I do not need another incarnation to live my life over again. I can do that now, and the resurrection of the past, through memory, that sees through closed eyes, is just as satisfactory as the thing itself.

Were we talking of the seasons? Very well, dearie, the seasons it shall be. They are all charming, but if I were to wed any it would be Spring. How well I remember the gentle perfume of her comings, and her warm, languid breath!

There was a time when I would go out of the house some morning, and the snow would be melting, and Spring would kiss my cheek, and then I would be all

aglow with joy and would burst into the house, and cry: "Spring is here! Spring is here!" For you know we always have to divide our joy with some one. One can bear grief, but it takes two to be glad.

And then my mother would smile and say, "Yes, my son, but do not wake the baby!"

Then I would go out and watch the snow turn to water, and run down the road in little rivulets to the creek, that would swell until it became a regular Mississippi, so that when we waded the horse across, the water would come to the saddlegirth.

Then once, I remember, the bridge was washed away, and all the teams had to go around and through the water, and some used to get stuck in the mud on the other bank. It was great fun!

The first "Spring beauties" bloomed very early in that year; violets came out on the south side of rotting logs, and cowslips blossomed in the slough as they never had done before. Over on the knoll, prairie-chickens strutted pompously and proudly drummed. The war was over! Lincoln had won, and the country was safe!

The jubilee was infectious, and the neighbors who used to come and visit us would tell of the men and boys who would soon be back. The war was over!

My father and mother talked of it across the table, and the men talked of it at the store, and earth, sky and water called to each other in glad relief, "The war is over!"

But there came a morning when my father walked up from the railroad-station very fast, and looking very serious. He pushed right past me as I sat in the doorway. I followed him into the kitchen where my mother was washing dishes, and heard him say, "They have killed Lincoln!" and then he burst into tears. I had never before seen my father shed tears—in fact, I had never seen a man cry. There is something terrible in the grief of a man.

Soon the church-bell across the road began to toll. It tolled all that day. Three men—I can give you their names—rang the bell all day long, tolling, slowly tolling, tolling until night came and the stars came out. I thought it a little curious that the stars should come out, for Lincoln was dead; but they did, for I saw them as I trotted by my father's side down to the post-office.

¶ There was a great crowd of men there. At the long line of peeled-hickory hitching-poles were dozens of saddle-horses. The farmers had come for miles to get details of the news.

On the long counters that ran down each side of the store men were seated, swinging their feet, and listening intently to some one who was reading aloud from a newspaper. We worked our way past the men who were standing about, and with several of these my father shook hands solemnly.

Leaning against the wall near the window was a big, red-faced man, whom I knew as a Copperhead. He had

been drinking, evidently, for he was making boozy efforts to stand very straight. There were only heard a subdued buzz of whispers and the monotonous voice of the reader, as he stood there in the center, his newspaper in one hand and a lighted candle in the other.

The red-faced man lurched two steps forward, and in a loud voice said, "L—L—Lincoln is dead—an' I 'm damn glad of it!"

Across the room I saw two men struggling with Little Ramsey. Why they should struggle with him I could not imagine, but ere I could think the matter out, I saw him shake himself loose from the strong hands that sought to hold him. He sprang upon the counter, and in one hand I saw he held a scale-weight. Just an instant he stood there, and then the weight shot straight at the red-faced man. The missile glanced on his shoulder and shot through the window. In another second the red-faced man plunged through the window, taking the entire sash with him.

"You 'll have to pay for that window!" called the alarmed postmaster out into the night.

The store was quickly emptied, and on following outside no trace of the red man could be found. The earth had swallowed both the man and the five-pound scale-weight ☙ ☙

After some minutes had passed in a vain search for the weight and the Copperhead, we went back into the store and the reading was continued.

But the interruption had relieved the tension, and for the first time that day men in that post-office joked and laughed. It even lifted from my heart the gloom that threatened to smother me, and I went home and told the story to my mother and sisters, and they too smiled, so closely akin are tears and smiles.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE story of Lincoln's life had been ingrained into me long before I ever read a book. For the people who knew Lincoln, and the people who knew the people that Lincoln knew, were the people I knew. I visited at their houses and heard them tell what Lincoln had said when he sat at table where I then sat. I listened long to Lincoln stories, and " and that reminds me " was often on the lips of those I loved ¶ All the tales told by the faithful Herndon and the needlessly loyal Nicolay and Hay were current coin, and the rehearsal of the Lincoln-Douglas debate was commonplace.

When our own poverty was mentioned, we compared it with the poverty that Lincoln had endured, and felt rich. I slept in a garret where the winter's snow used to sift merrily through the slab shingles, but then I was covered with warm buffalo-robes, and a loving mother tucked me in and on my forehead imprinted a good-night kiss. But Lincoln at the same age had no mother and lived in a hut that had neither windows, doors nor floor, and a pile of leaves and straw in the corner was his bed. Our house had two rooms, but one Winter the Lincoln home was only a shed enclosed on three sides. ¶ I knew of his being a clerk in a country store at the age of twenty, and that up to that time he had read but four books; of his running a flatboat, splitting rails, and poring at night over a dog-eared law-book; of his asking to sleep in the law-office of Joshua Speed, and of

Speed's giving him permission to move in. And of his going away after his "worldly goods" and coming back in ten minutes carrying an old pair of saddlebags, which he threw into a corner saying, "Speed, I've moved!" ☙ ☙

I knew of his twenty years of country law-practise, when he was considered just about as good and no better than a dozen others on that circuit, and of his making a bare living during that time. Then I knew of his gradually awakening to the wrong of slavery, of the expansion of his mind, so that he began to incur the jealousy of rivals and the hatred of enemies, and of the prophetic feeling in that slow but sure moving mind that "a house divided against itself can not stand. I believe this Government can not endure permanently half-slave and half-free."

I knew of the debates with Douglas and the national attention they attracted, and of Judge Davis' remark, "Lincoln has more commonsense than any other man in America"; and then, chiefly through Judge Davis' influence, of his being nominated for President at the Chicago Convention. I knew of his election, and the coming of the war, and the long, hard fight, when friends and foes beset, and none but he had the patience and the courage that could wait. And then I knew of his death, that death which then seemed a calamity—terrible in its awful blackness.

But now the years have passed, and I comprehend

somewhat of the paradox of things, and I know that this death was just what he might have prayed for. It was a fitting close for a life that had done a supreme and mighty work. His face foretold the end.

Lincoln had no home ties. In that plain, frame house, without embellished yard or ornament, where I have been so often, there was no love that held him fast. In that house there was no library, but in the parlor, where six haircloth chairs and a slippery sofa to match stood guard, was a marble table on which were various gift-books in blue and gilt. He only turned to that home when there was no other place to go. Politics, with its attendant travel and excitement, allowed him to forget the what-might-have-beens. Foolish bickering, silly pride, and stupid misunderstanding pushed him out upon the streets and he sought to lose himself among the people. And to the people at length he gave his time, his talents, his love, his life. Fate took from him his home that the country might call him savior. Dire tragedy was a fitting end; for only the souls who have suffered are well-loved.

Jealousy, disparagement, calumny, have all made way, and North and South alike revere his name.

The memory of his gentleness, his patience, his firm faith, and his great and loving heart are the priceless heritage of a united land. He had charity for all and malice toward none; he gave affection, and affection is his reward. ¶ Honor and love are his.

SO HERE ENDETH "LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF AMERICAN STATESMEN," BEING VOLUME THREE OF THE SERIES OF "LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF THE GREAT," AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD. THE TYPOGRAPHY, BORDERS AND INITIALS WERE DESIGNED BY THE ROYCROFT ARTISTS AT THEIR SHOPS, WHICH ARE IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK